VOL. CCXI, No. 2748

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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 11, 1952
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The SPHERE

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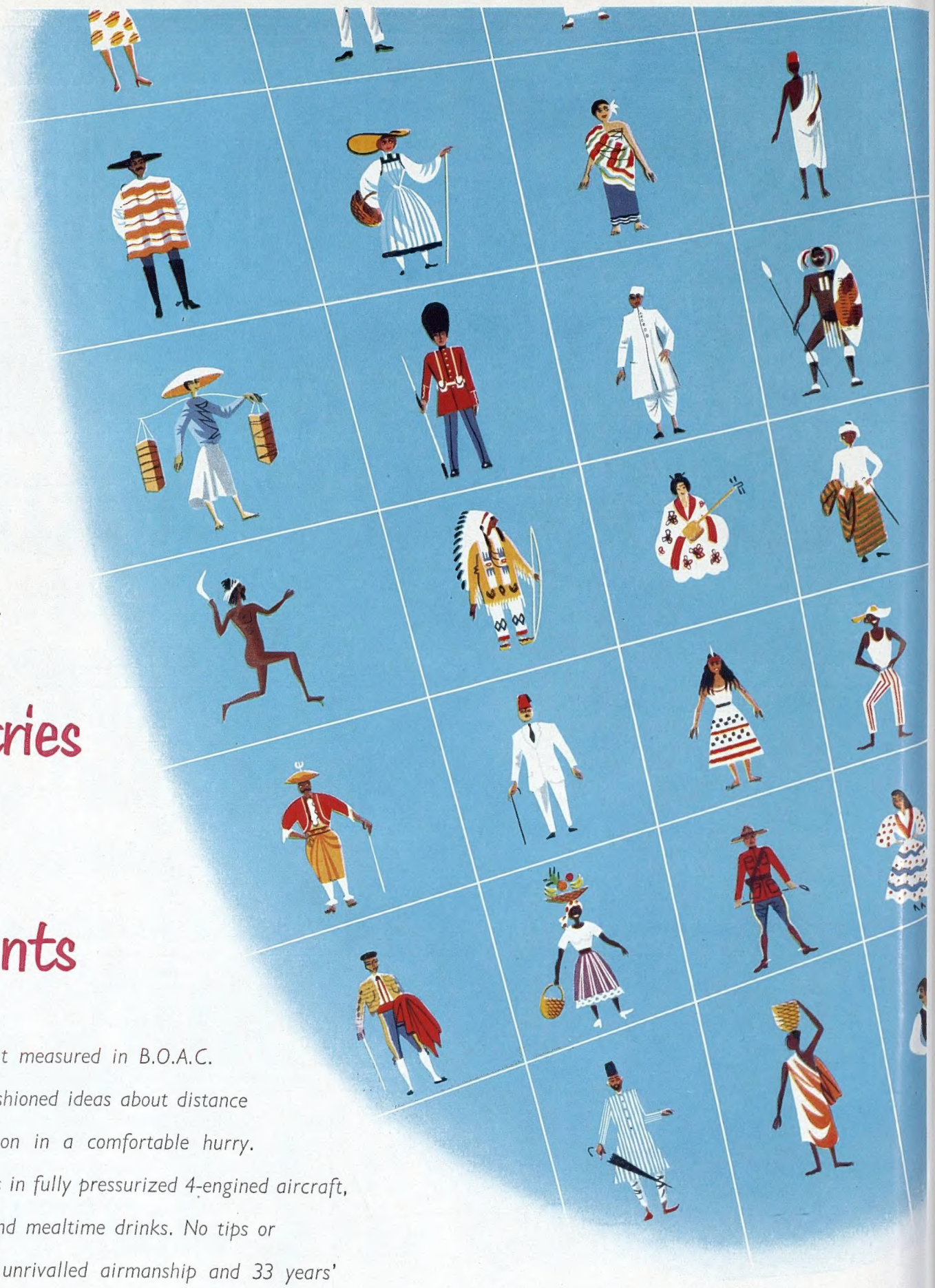

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to which yon Ship must go?
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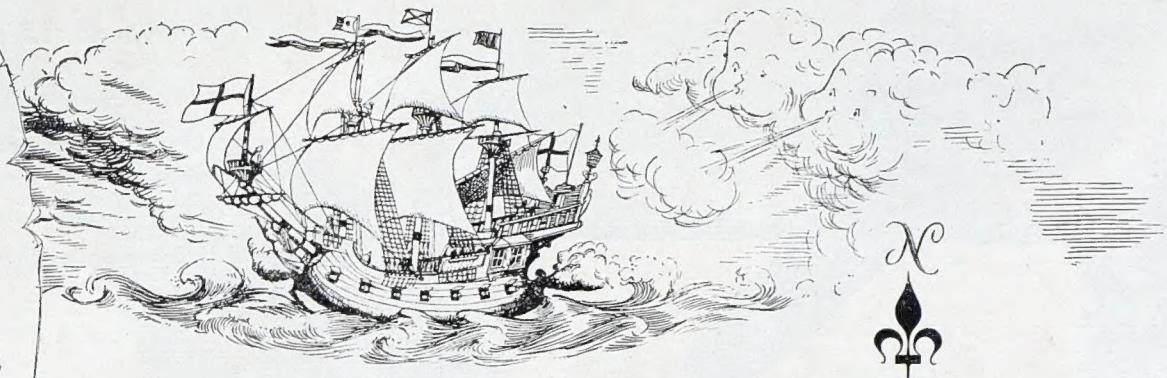
mounting at break of day,
Festively she
puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns,
or polar snow?



What boots the enquiry?
–Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her
travel where she may
She finds
familiar names, a beaten
way
Ever before her,
and a wind to blow.

William Wordsworth, 1807

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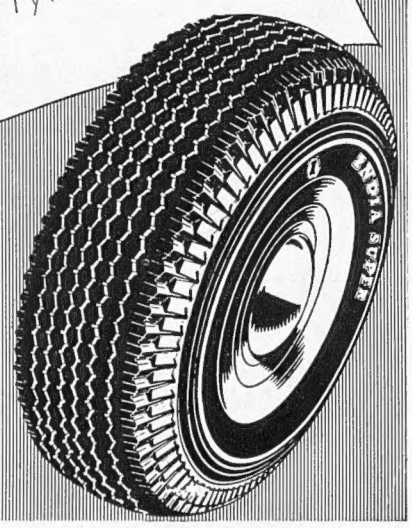

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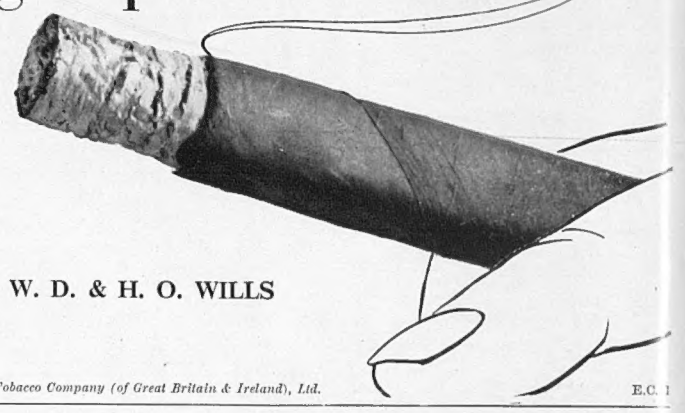

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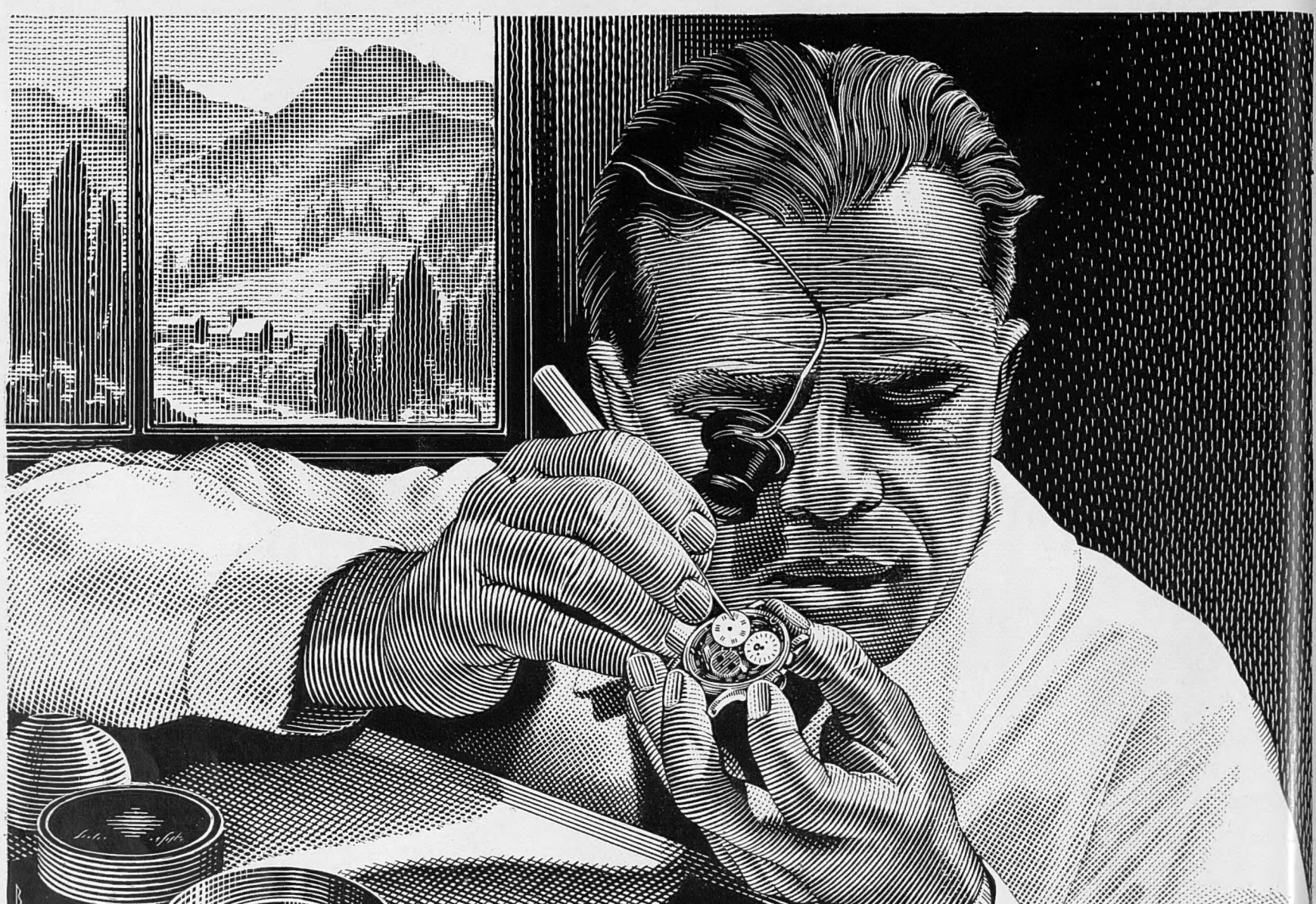

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And you, when you choose your new watch, should take no chances either. What has been made with such care should be chosen with care—and your qualified jeweller is the man to help you.

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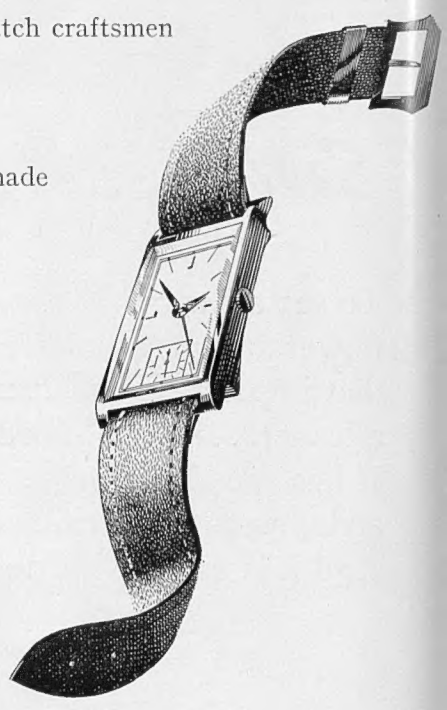

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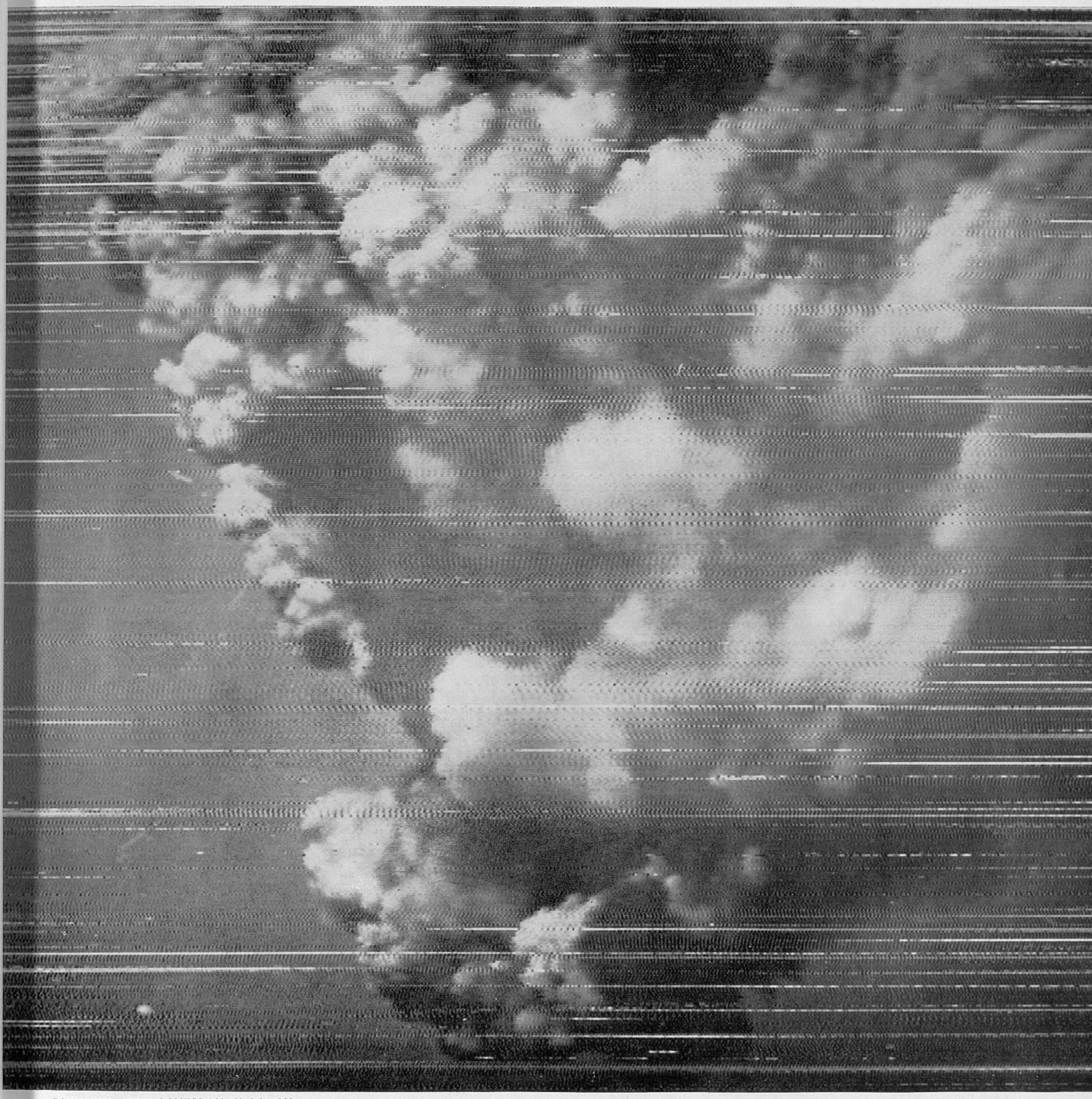
SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Volume CCXI No. 2748 The SPHERE, London, October 11, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



BRITAIN'S ATOMIC WEAPON IN ACTION—A PICTURE BY RADIO OF THE CLOUD SOARING SKYWARDS AFTER THE SECRET TEST IN THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS, OFF THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF AUSTRALIA : The familiar mushroom shape was absent in the initial stage, but after about ten minutes it began to form. The smoke-cloud was almost a mile wide at the centre and rose quickly to 12,000 ft. After the test Mr. Churchill sent his congratulations to all concerned, and Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, said that the success of the atom test resulted from the closest possible co-operative work between Britain and Australia.

Britain's atomic explosion has been hailed as a great achievement by scientists and statesmen in many parts of the world, but most of them have stressed that the political importance is paramount, for it has shown that independently Britain is making headway in atomic science. There has been much speculation as to the nature of the explosion in the Monte Bello Islands, and one expert has stated unofficially that the British test appeared to him to have been on an atomic missile projected by rocket propulsion piloted by a radar wave and exploded at an opportune height and moment by a proximity fuse. Reports filtering through Monte Bello's security screen last week-end indicated that the atom test was concerned greatly with the civil defence aspects of atomic war as well as with developing weapons of attack. A target city is believed to have been simulated in the centre of the blast area. (Further pictures relating to the Monte Bello explosion will be found on pages 48 and 49 of this issue.)

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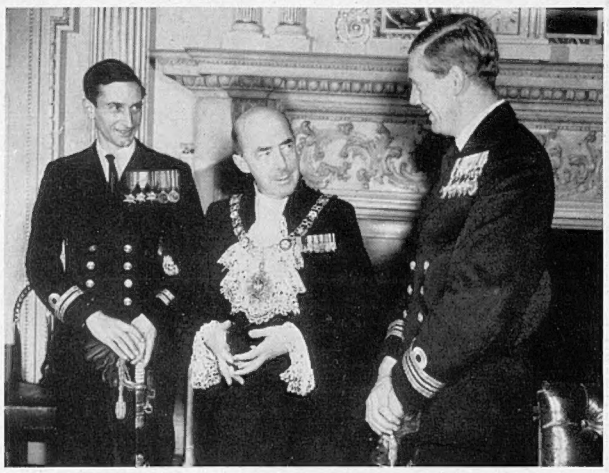
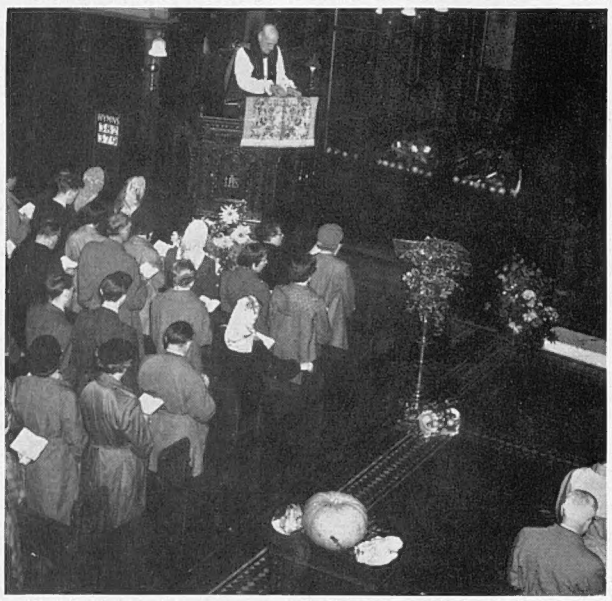
SUBMARINERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ENTERTAINS THE CAPTAIN OF THE MIDGET SUBMARINE WHICH HAS BEEN BERTHED IN THE THAMES : Sir Leslie Boyce, the retiring Lord Mayor, seen with Lieutenant H. T. Verry (left), captain of the midget submarine "X E 8," which recently berthed in the Thames, and Lieut.-Commander J. A. R. Troup, who commands the parent ship *Gateshead*. Pictures of the "X E 8" will be found on page 57.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING IN THE CITY OF LONDON



THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD ABOUT TO PREACH AT THE SERVICE HELD FOR CITY WORKERS AND FOR THE MEMBERS OF LEADENHALL MARKET : The church was St. Peter's-upon-Cornhill, which has been designated as one of the twenty-four parish churches under the City reorganisation scheme. In the foreground of this picture is the litany desk decorated with gifts. In a recent SPHERE feature on London City's Master Church Plan it was pointed out that although not all lunch-time services were well attended, congregations were growing. Almost every day now one or another church in the City and West End has a lunch-time service and many workers are becoming regular worshippers.

"THE SERAGLIO" AT SADLER'S WELLS

MOZART'S OPERA HAS ITS FIRST PERFORMANCE AT THE THEATRE IN ROSEBERY AVENUE : This is a view of the closing scene of *The Seraglio*, showing the Pasha (Gavin Gordon) giving a passport of freedom to Balmonte (Rowland Jones), who stands hand-in-hand with Constanza (Jennifer Vyvyan). On the right are Padrillo (Ereach Riley) and Blonde (Marion Studholme).

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

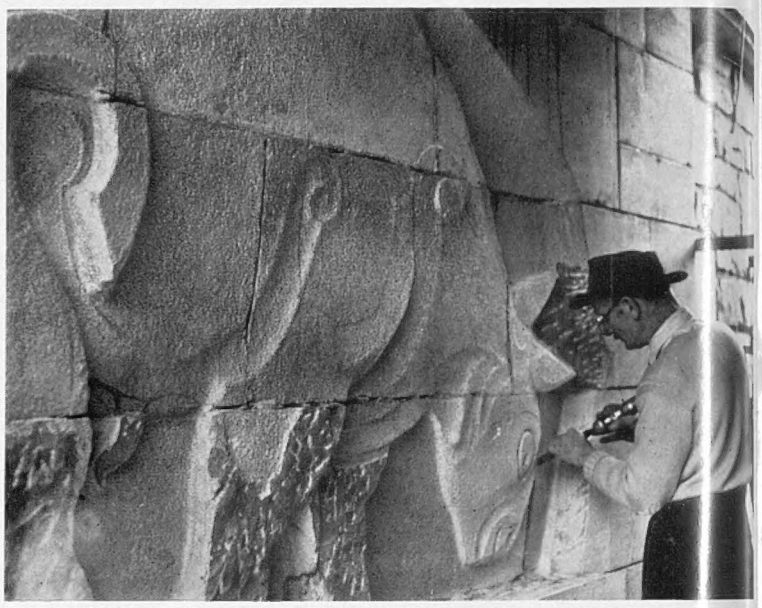
Parties in Conference.—The chief parties in the State are already or soon will be in conference. Indeed, by the time these lines are in print, we shall know a good deal about the results of Morecambe. Already we know how hot is the air which Socialist hot-heads blow out. The sensationalists have pinned their faith on sensations, splits and bombshells. The pessimists anticipate a damp squib. The sober-minded, among whom I like to include myself, are inclined to expect that, when the shouting dies, everything will look much as it was before. Already we know that the "Bevanites" have won six of the seven constituency seats. But Mr. Morrison, displaced from the Executive, had the real triumph of the day. And "if votes are dupes, fears may be liars." I expect the sober-minded view to be right. For the truth is, the fearful issue before the country is not between Labour and Tory, nor between Bevan and Attlee, nor between ultra-Tory and new Conservative, but to find the answer to certain economic irreconcilables, to crack the hardest nut on our family tree. If we save more and spend less, we may achieve balance in our trade. We can only balance our trade budget by increasing export. How can we increase export in an ever stricter overseas market unless we spend more in capital development of modern factories and plants? If we can right ourselves and rise above our economic troubles, we may again become happy, prosperous and free. But to do that, we must taste more austerity and restrictions and our standard of life must inevitably fall still further *pour mieux sauter*. How can we bring down the cost of living when wage demands for ever force it upwards? How can we curb wage demands when increasing cost of living for ever seems to justify them? It does not look as if a couple of weeks of discussion will bring a right answer to these problems. We must vaguely pray not that a party leader may emerge with a party nostrum, but that a national nostrum may emerge a little nearer national agreement and that a leader may be found capable one day soon of persuasion and enforcement in a united effort.

For this Relief....—On the morrow of Morecambe and on the eve of the Conservative Conference, the Government was able to announce one or two minor reliefs from regimentation and one or two signs that our financial and economic tangle is being straightened out. Tea has been freed and shop-lighting is no longer restricted. Our balance of payments position is distinctly better though still highly dangerous. There is a small increase in our gold reserves, and a surplus of a sort in E.P.U. for Britain. These are all cheering pointers, but by no means cause for complacency. Indeed, a warning bell is sounded by the interim report on the Budget position. The largest deficit at this stage for several years is announced. There are obvious reasons to account for it, the most obvious is failure to curb public expenditure. What that deficit would be to-day under Socialist Government, the voter can tremble to imagine. Every effort made by the Government (save only in the matter of defence, and that not unanimously approved by any means) has been screamed at by the Opposition as cheeseparing or robbing the poor. If one attempted to tot up the increase in public spending which must result from half the resolutions triumphantly passed at Morecambe, he might well wonder how any sane man could to-day vote for the return of a Socialist Government in this ticklish stage between solvency and bankruptcy. Indeed, I confess I underrated the significance of the pointers from Morecambe. The Socialists themselves have exposed their own sharp divisions, their sense of lack of leadership, the strength of their ruthlessly, recklessly wagging tail. It seems to me that, in this ticklish stage in our affairs and on the morrow of Morecambe, the wobblers of the electorate must have swung back to Conservatism. But to hold that gain, the Government must ply the axe with redoubled vigour against the toughest opposition. They will be judged by results, not by propaganda.

All Ego.—Perhaps I am too prejudiced to write fairly about Party Political Broadcasts. One and all, they make me bilious. But when Dop Doctor Dalton fills the "mike," my reactions are worse than bilious. The son of George V's frank, blunt and honest old tutor appears to me to be a nauseous prig. I know no voice so insufferably irritating, no platform manner so smarmy, no righteousness so school-marmy, no egotism so gross. No doubt last week the Doctor had one eye on Morecambe, and he used all his little aids to persuasion to the best advantage. Of all living politicians, he is the first and foremost to persuade me that political life, even in England, is a sham and a shame, and that with politicians it is self first, party second and the nation nowhere. There were, of course, the usual lip-services and flattery for the gallant workers in the mines and the fields. There were the school-marm words of advice to the Premier dressed up in pure patriotism, and all through his treacly discourse there was self-advertisement, the more blatant for its disguises. "When I was at the Treasury. . . ." "When I was responsible for housing. . . ." "It was when I was in charge of this or that office that the ideas or plans were promulgated which have given the Tories any success (*if* any) which they may have had." Indeed, ever since Doctor Dalton emerged to take a hand in domestic politics, he has been right every time in every department he has occupied. As Chancellor he couldn't put a foot wrong; at the Board of Trade he consistently shone; he was the guiding spirit at the Foreign Office; on housing and full employment he admits no rival expert. If the nation would but leave it all to him, he could win peace and plenty for all in no time. Oddly enough, not even his own party has of late shown any urgent desire to leave it all to Dalton. Not even the gallant workers in field and factory and pit whom he woos with flattery reward him with votes.

Baldwin Enigma: Power or Pinchbeck?—We are now to have a partial preview of the official biography of Stanley Baldwin, and I could desire no better man to present a full, balanced an impartial portrait and exposition than Mr. G. M. Young. The doubts and puzzles which still surround his name and fame are widespread. Political prejudice, working on post-war mentality (always iconoclastic), has seen to that. We shall be told whether he was in the main "honest" or largely an opportunist, whether he sacrificed our national safety in order to retain power for himself and his party, whether, as the Duke of Windsor, on second thoughts, alleged, the Premier double-crossed the King under the cloak of friendship. I shall read in time all the documents in the case, all the arguments marshalled and with an open mind, only reserving certain intuitive beliefs, based on personal contacts with him and on general experience of politicians. I shall still believe after reading Mr. Young's book that Baldwin was a patriot, a great lover and admirer of England and its country and way of life, its literature and its national character, as honest as politics allow a man to be; that he was never besotted by power but could have welcomed and made the best use of private life, that he was essentially an English gentleman, the best product of the Upper Middle Class of his day, and that the secret (which to-day seems to many extraordinary) of his hold over his party and the public in an era even then full of controversy lay in a general belief, not lightly now to be blown skyhigh, that he was unusually patriotic, not self-seeking, not double-faced. A gentleman and an honest man among politicians, of moderate ability, rather lazy-minded, by no means a seer. On the whole a man who "played cricket" and played it for his side. Who entered politics rather as a rich man's duty than from ambition. Not a Lloyd George, rather an 8th Duke of Devonshire, lacking the strawberry leaves but not the tradition of service.

A STONE CARVING FOR A NEW SCOTTISH GENERATING STATION



MR. MAXWELL ALLAN, OF EDINBURGH, AT WORK ON THE BURGHEAD BULL, ONE OF THE STONE CARVINGS ON THE FASNAKYLE GENERATING STATION OF THE GREAT GLEN AFFRIC HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME : The carvings, which adorn the top part of the generating station just below the parapet, are adaptations of prehistoric and early Christian monuments in the area. Distributed throughout the area in which the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board operates, there exists a great wealth of imaginative stone carvings, of which many examples are of real distinction and which lend themselves naturally to re-expression on a modern background. The great Glen Affric scheme, which is to be set in motion by the Duke of Edinburgh on Monday next, is described by Neil Gunn and illustrated by Victor Coverley-Price on pages 58-63 of this issue.

Martyr to Speed.—Another Loch Ness tragedy was the end of John Cobb's effort to beat the water-speed record by a big margin. He was killed when half his aim was achieved. He had at one time reached a speed of nearly 250 miles on the outward lap, a huge increase on the previous water-speed record. But the dark, deep, narrow and gloomy Loch turned against him and his boat was broken up in the backwash of his own waves. He had waited long weeks for the right day, and his patience was rewarded by visits from Royalty and V.I.P.s and hundreds of sightseers, of whom, though within easy reach, I was not one. None ever raised a voice which I could hear, questioning the value to humanity of what he set out to do and spent his active life doing, and it needs more knowledge and breadth of mind than I can claim to put that question. Calm, resolute, the bravest of the brave, he gave his life as scores, hundreds, of such pioneers as he, in the air, on land and on water, have done and will continue to do, to snatch new records of speed and endurance from the elements. Their courage and their achievements multiply the laurels of Science, for ever increase the tempo of human life, help Britain to maintain or regain supremacy in all forms of transport, and provide data for designers and builders. No one, unless a backwoods philosopher or a dyed-in-the-wool old Tory ever questions whether it is all worth the cost, this eternal and infernal race against Time, with its payment in splendid lives. It is a world event and therefore every nation must compete. The philosopher questions whether winning it makes for greater human happiness. The scientist and pioneer are not concerned with human happiness. The historian could tell them that land speeds were static between A.D. 300 and A.D. 1830 at 17 m.p.h. maximum. It is mostly in the last thirty years that we have raised speeds from tens to hundreds of miles an hour.

"Cui Bono?"—Where does it get us? And when? And why? It gets us to New York between breakfast and dinner, to Nairobi in a day's work, to Australia for a week-end visit. But why? All the reasons adduced do not appear to tot up to much. The world is not more friendly, the nations are not better understood mutually. More business and talk are no doubt done, but permanent results do not increase. But it is a *world* competition. No nation dare lag behind. Our best and bravest die to perfect the machines. The perfected machines are for a large part killers themselves. They rain death from the air, they slaughter on the roads, hurl death on the battlefield. We may beat Time, but Time has its revenges. We may claim that it is less foolish to kill off our finest stock in this race with Time than in the insanity of world wars; but it is a vicious circle and we are all squirrels in a revolving cage. For the instruments we die to forge are largely instruments to cause death. I deplore the death of one more brave man in that cause, while I accept the inevitability of the sacrifice. But I am just enough of a historian to keep my belief that, despite all arguments to the contrary, our triumphs over Time have not increased the sum of human happiness. Time still wins . . . and grins at us. Prometheus is not unbound, and Zeus's eagle still daily gnaws his liver. "And in my heart I hear the chime Of Love whose feet shall outrun Time." I back no other horse in the race against Time.

Old October.—Autumn has come, unwelcome and early, cool as November if still dressed in summer clothes. No matter that the coverts are still thick and green, the caravans not all stored in their winter lairs, lawn tennis and Borotra, that Peter Pan, still lively as ever. Cubbing is in full swing for four more weeks before the opening day, and the pheasant can no longer rise among the roots without anxiety. Long since the partridges have learned wisdom from experience and rise out of shot of walkers-up. The countryman is clearing his gutters and pipes blocked with fallen leaves and replacing loosened tiles, increasing his pile of logs and stack of firewood, seeing to his stoves and furnaces, with one eye on his coal merchant and the other on the house thermometer, already receding into the lower fifties. An uncomfortable period when fuel is in short supply and six months of winter lie ahead. The London parks are bitter-sweet with bonfires of leaves; the shops display winter tweeds and furs, the new plays and books and the autumn concerts attract the sunburned votaries, and the politicians are massing for another set-to. "Everybody who is anybody" is drifting to the Capital. October and autumn in the South Country can be pleasant—no season more so—when the sun shines from a serene blue sky. But I confess that I regret its coming now that so many of the compensations of winter are gone for ever. Field sports and fireside comfort could make these seasons attractive to young and old. To-day the elderly must be more philosophical and stoic, and warm themselves with hope, a hot-water bottle and a brisk walk. The new books no doubt are often hot stuff, but the slimy side of life does not warm the heart. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SOUTHAMPTON,

THE CINDERELLA OF BLITZED CITIES

A Special "Sphere" Article by Gordon Beckles, With Drawings by Claude Muncaster

A MODERN HOUSING PATTERN, THE OXHEY ESTATE, NEAR WATFORD

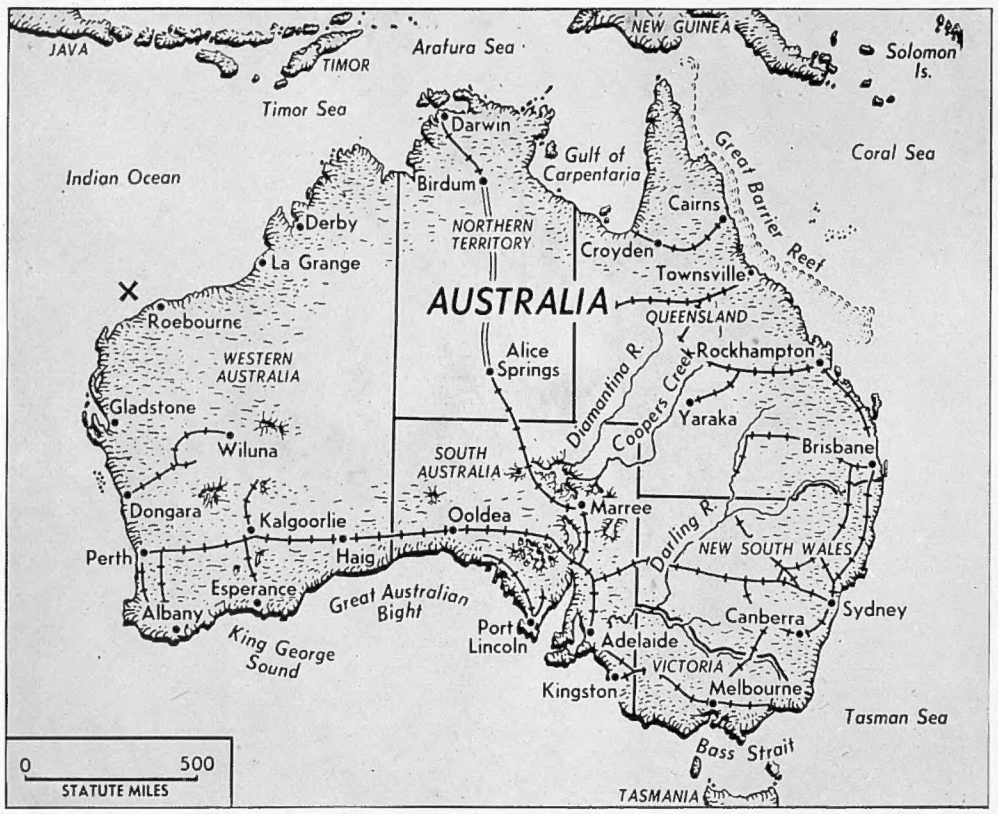
A GREATER LONDON BUILDING PROJECT NOW NEARING COMPLETION AFTER FIVE YEARS: This new aerial view shows the north-western section of the London County Council Housing Estate at Oxhey, near Watford, Herts, on which work was begun in 1947. About 15,000 people are now living on the estate in the 4,108 houses built by September 1952. The total number of houses planned for the estate is 4,333. The estate stands on a site of 925 acres, of which 335 acres are occupied by residential houses. Oxhey is in close proximity to Watford.

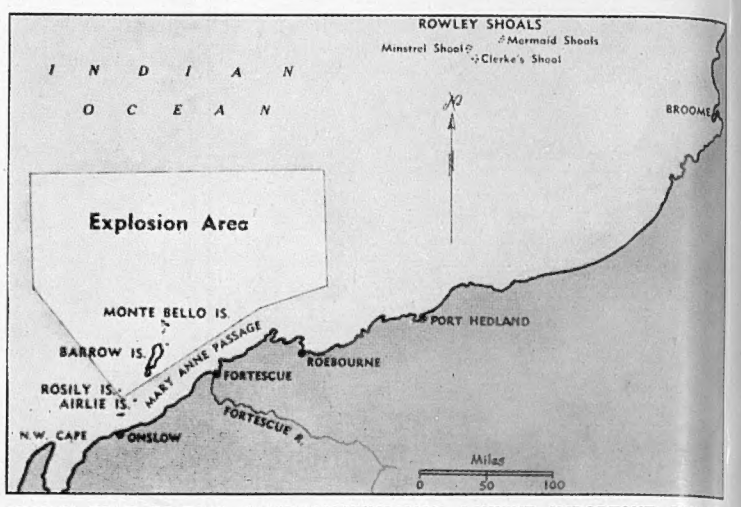
A BARRAGE BALLOON TO LIFT THE "WAVE" TO SAFETY

HOW THE FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL "WAVE," HARD AGROUND NEAR PEDN OLVA ROCK, ST. IVES, WAS PREPARED TO MEET THE HIGH TIDE ON WHICH SHE WAS FLOATED TO SAFETY: A barrage balloon is being stuffed into the gaping hole of the vessel prior to inflation. This gave the ship a 50-ton lift and helped to get her out into open water. Pictures of the *Wave* during her ordeal are reproduced on page 69, and show how the people of St. Ives joined in the rescue operations, bringing to safety sixty-one members of the crew of this vessel, which went aground after parting her cable in a 60-m.p.h. gale. Later the captain thanked the Mayor of St. Ives.

PREPARING FOR BRITAIN'S ATOMIC EXPLOSION

HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNITS OF THE PRESS MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO RECORD, FROM THE MAINLAND, THE BILLOWING CLOUDS WHICH ROSE ABOVE THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS

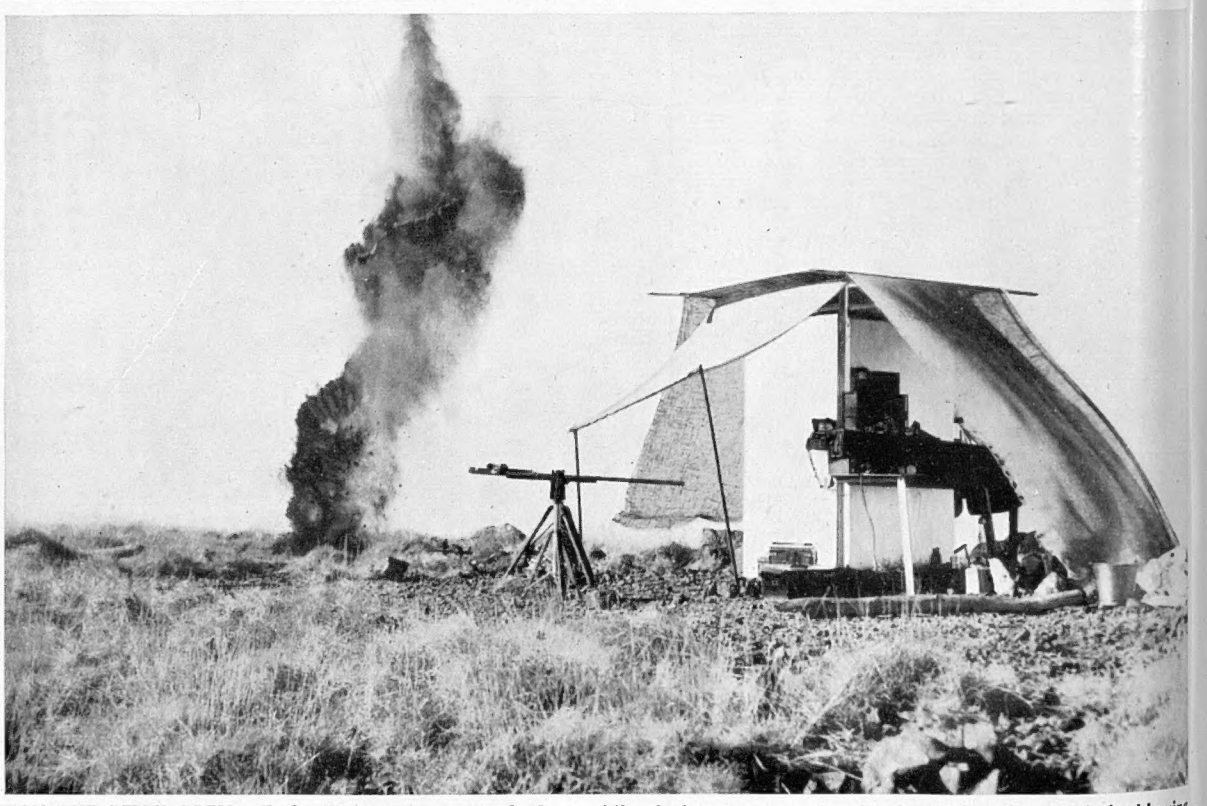




THE SCENE OF THE ATOMIC EXPLOSION WHICH HAS CREATED SUCH WORLD-WIDE INTEREST AND HAS SHOWN THAT BRITAIN INDEPENDENTLY MAY ACHIEVE IMPORTANT RESULTS IN NUCLEAR SCIENCE: *Left*—The cross on this map marks the position of the Monte Bello Islands off the north-west coast of Australia. *Right*—This sketch-map shows the explosion area of 23,500 square miles which was declared by the Admiralty to be dangerous for ships and aircraft "because of the coming British atomic weapon test." In addition the immediate area of the Monte Bello Islands was prohibited to unauthorised persons, with a penalty of "seven years' imprisonment for trespass."

THE AUSTRALIAN PRESS ON SAFARI: Members of the photographic team of a Perth newspaper picking their way through the boulder-strewn ground to a point of vantage 45 miles from the Monte Bello Islands, from which they were permitted to take pictures. The point of vantage was a 2,000-ft. hill lying north of Onslow.

HAMMERING OUT TRIPOD HOLES IN THE IRONSTONE HILL NORTH OF ONSLOW, WHERE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN OF THE MONTE BELLO EXPLOSION: Members of the photographic staff of a Perth newspaper preparing for the moment when they recorded the atomic cloud.



THE TRIBULATIONS OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION FROM THE PERTH PRESS: *Left*—The awnings round the mobile dark-room torn to shreds by the fierce winds blowing across the top of the ironstone hill which they used as a point of vantage for photographing the atomic explosion. *Right*—An explosion by gelignite when preparing a position for the cameras which recorded the vital moments of the atomic explosion at distant Monte Bello. The Press observers on this hilltop reported that they did not feel the ground-shock of the atomic explosion immediately, but four minutes after the vivid orange-red flash they felt a heavy pulse of air pressure hit the mainland.

THEY CALL IT THE BAZOOKA CAMERA : The camera, built by a Perth scientist, set up on the hilltop site north of Onslow and ready to record the Monte Bello atomic explosion. The camera, by a complicated system of lenses and prisms, achieves the same results which could be obtained by a camera with a focal length of just over 13 ft. It weighs less than 40 lb.

THE WIND CATCHES A COVER USED FOR KEEPING A LONG-RANGE CAMERA FREE OF SAND : Throughout their stay on the hilltop site opposite the Monte Bello Islands the Press were troubled by very high winds and dust storms.

BILL MANGINI, A PERTH PHYSICIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER, AT WORK ON HIS HILLTOP CAMERA SITE : *Left*—Preparing the power unit of a 16-mm. gun camera. *Right*—Mangini manning the field telephone linking his unit with the base camp, where they left their vehicles before foot-slogging through the spinifex. The cameramen and their assistants had to manhandle 1½ tons of equipment to the hilltop site, and during their days on the summit had to make-do in very primitive conditions. After the explosion Mangini expressed the opinion that the British experiment must have concentrated less on producing a big bang than on testing a more effective weapon, measured in terms of the damage it would do to an enemy. The Monte Bello cloud, he said, reached only 12,000 ft. or thereabouts, but the shape and rate of development of the original smoke-puff revealed a frightening blast velocity over an unusually wide area. The bomb, he said, was certainly no bigger than the usual plutonium bomb, but there can be no question of the tremendous power unleashed for at least thirty minutes after the explosion. The inference is that the British have succeeded in producing a bomb which, though of normal size, spreads destruction over a wider area than the comparable United States blast.

PREPARING FOR D-DAY ON THE HILLTOP : *Left*—Building a dormitory of ironstone after setting up the mobile dark-room which is seen in the background. *Right*—The photographer's gear piled at the summit of the hill after the long trek from the base. The broomstick in the background indicates the actual trig point.

THE NEW "BIG BERTHA" IN THE TRAVELLING POSITION—AMERICA'S GIANT MOBILE GUN ARRIVING AT THE ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS, MARYLAND: This huge 12-in. gu designed for mobile warfare, can fire an atomic shell for 20 miles, U.S. Army authorities claim. The shell could produce an explosion equal to several thousand tons T.N.T. The 75-ton weapon, which may be made available to artillery units operating with the North Atlantic Treaty forces, is drawn by two trailers at speeds up 35 miles an hour—and can be brought into action in fifteen minutes. It can be fired accurately in any weather, and this gives it a big advantage over the bombing plan

THE GUN AT AN ELEVATION OF 55 DEGS., THE HIGHEST ANGLE AT WHICH IT CAN FIRE: The barrel-shaped mechanism beneath the piece takes up the recoil of the gun. The piece itself is 40 ft. long. The gun could give accurate and close support to ground troops, being particularly valuable in breaking up enemy formations massing for assault.

IN THE FIRING POSITION: This picture shows the rea of the gun when ready for action, mo nted o a circular platform. The gun is most accurat at long ranges. Weeks of testing at the Aberdee Proving Grounds have yielded valuab e data

A CIVILIAN GUNNERY EXPERT STANDS AT THE LANYARD AS "BIG BERTHA" LETS FLY: The projectile and powder charge had previously been loaded by th hydraulic power-rammer, although this operatio may also be performed by hand. An interna recoil mechanism prevents any movement of th gun along the ground at the moment of firing

THE FRONT TRANSPORTER: The massive vehicle ready to take the road with "Big Bertha" between th transporters. The drivers of the two vehicle communicate by telephone. On straight roads th gun can maintain a steady speed of 35 m.p.h

AMERICA'S ATOMIC "BIG BERTHA"

A 75-ton Monster Gun which is Capable of Delivering an Atomic Shell a Distance of Twenty Miles, Reaching Its Target with Deadly Accuracy

The first artillery piece capable of firing atomic shells has passed its tests at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, in Maryland, of the United States Army Ordnance Corps, and now this 280-mm. gun, quite the largest piece of mobile artillery ever devised, is ready to go into quantity production to be at the service, it is hoped, of the North Atlantic Treaty Nations. It represents also the U.S. Army's bid to gain control of the tactical employment of the smaller-sized atomic weapons that are acknowledged to be in production.

The United States Army has not suggested that the new "Big Bertha" has fired an atomic shell, tests having been carried out with standard ammunition and propellants, but they have stated that it can and will fire atomic ammunition.

Mr. Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army, has claimed that the gun can be put into position, handled and fired more rapidly than any other artillery piece of comparable size.

He says: "The newly-developed atomic gun can give a ground commander tremendous firepower at his finger-tips and directly under his control. It would be especially effective in defence against attacking ground forces obliged to mass and expose themselves in assault.

"Unlike air-delivered atomic weapons, the atomic gun can function in all kinds of weather night or day. It is essentially an artillery piece but with immeasurably greater power than any artillery known.

"It can fire with an accuracy comparable to conventional artillery and tests indicate that it is much more accurate at long ranges."

What Mr. Pace does not say is that the gun could be extremely cumbersome in the field, an obvious target for attack while moving up into position behind the lines. The top speed of 35 m.p.h. is perhaps somewhat optimistic, especially in the midst of front-line mud or on crowded roads, when "Big Bertha" could prove quite a liability. The gun seems to have many characteristics in common with British mobile artillery, as it was developed during the Second World War, with automatic laying devices, power rammers, and other equipment for making possible remote control of this potent weapon.

The rate of fire of the gun seems to be approximately that of any large-calibre non-automatic gun used in the British Army or the Navy, and the recoil mechanism has much in common with British equipment.

In showing a battery formation only eight vehicles are included in the official picture, so it is to be assumed that only ammunition, generator and equipment wagons are accounted for. A battery would, of course, have many additional vehicles for the transport of personnel.

Now that it has been planned to provide atomic artillery units for the N.A.T.O. forces there will no doubt be a lowering of the atomic secrets barrier, and further details of this new atomic gun and its ammunition are likely to be made available. It is to be viewed by President Truman on October 15, when he hopes to visit the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

THE BREECH OF THE NEW ATOMIC GUN: Here the breech is seen in the open position with a shell in place in the loading tray and the power rammer ready to do its work. The gunner on the right is operating the power-rammer control. The man on the left is one of the layers.

AN ATOMIC BATTERY: Here are two of the "Big Berthas" with their transporters fore and aft, and their eight supporting trucks, which carry complete maintenance equipment, ammunition and supplies for the men. These are the largest-calibre artillery pieces with full mobility in any army in the world. They can even fit into a landing ship designed for amphibious operations.

CEREMONIAL in ASIA and AFRICA

The Duchess of Kent, Accompanied by the Duke of Kent, Receives the Freedom of the City of Singapore During her Tour of South-east Asia; Sir Evelyn Baring is Sworn in as the New Governor of Kenya

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE DUKE OF KENT ARE WELCOMED AT KALLANG AIRPORT, SINGAPORE, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE TOUR OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA: At the airport to meet the Royal visitors were the Right Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, the Commissioner-General for South-East Asia (left), and the Governor of Singapore, Mr. J. F. Nicoll. Guards of honour were mounted by the Royal Marines, the Singapore Guard Regiment and the Royal Air Force Regiment (Malaya), and a distinguished company of local officials waited to be presented to the Royal visitors. During the tour of Singapore, the Federation of Malaya, Sarawak, Brunei, North Borneo and Hong Kong, the Duchess arranged to visit the Royal West Kents, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief, and to open the new Royal Singapore Tuberculosis Clinic. The latter is the most modern and perhaps the largest clinic of its kind in South-East Asia.

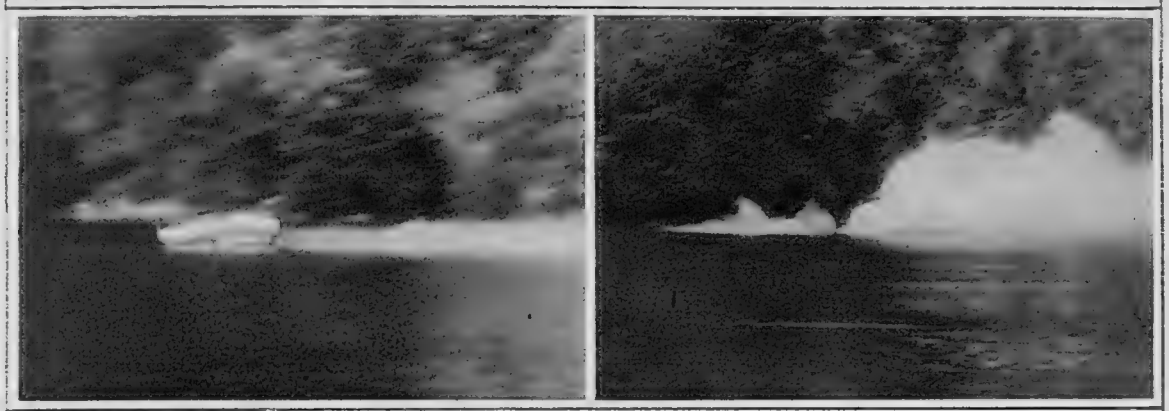
THE DUCHESS OF KENT IS GRANTED THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF SINGAPORE: The Duchess is seen addressing the assembly from the steps outside the City Hall during the ceremony. The Duke of Kent is at the end of the front row and next to him is Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. Lining the steps leading up to the dais are members of the Boys' Brigade.

THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONY OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENYA: *Left*—Sir Evelyn Baring rests his hand on the Bible held by the Chief Justice of Kenya, Sir Hector Hearne, as he takes the oath of office of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kenya at a ceremony held in front of the Law Courts in Nairobi. *Right*—Sir Evelyn is seen inspecting the guard of honour during the inaugural ceremony. In a speech to the assembly gathered outside the Law Courts, Sir Evelyn Baring said that people of all races in Kenya had now reached a critical stage in their development. "If they can succeed in working together and in safely passing through that stage," he said, "then good will result not only in Kenya but for much of the rest of Africa. The results of a failure will be felt far afield."

P.O.W.s RIOT ON CHEJU ISLAND

ANOTHER OUTBREAK OF RIOTING AMONG COMMUNIST PRISONERS-OF-WAR IN KOREA: ***On left*—High-ranking United Nations officers with specimens of the weapons used by the prisoners against their guards on Cheju Island, off South-West Korea. Fifty-five Communists were killed and 120 wounded when the guards tried to break up a demonstration. *On right*—Prisoners being marched out of their compound under the surveillance of a guard after the rioting was quelled.** The disturbances occurred in a compound where there were 20,000 Chinese prisoners, of whom 5,000 were die-hard Communists. They had planned a demonstration to mark the celebration of the third anniversary of Communist rule in China and prison authorities had issued an order forbidding it. The celebrations began in defiance of the order, and when, after the Communists had been warned, American guards entered the compound, they were furiously attacked with showers of stones, staves wrapped with barbed wire and sharpened tent-poles.

JOHN COBB TRAVELLING AT 200 M.P.H. IN THE "CRUSADER" ON LOCH NESS: This was during one of his attempts earlier in September, when bad weather repeatedly frustrated his efforts to get *Crusader* to her maximum speed. The conditions on September 29, when he began his last and tragic attempt, were perfect. Mr. Cobb took his boat along the measured mile at a speed estimated by the timekeepers as 206·8 m.p.h., about 30 m.p.h. faster than the existing record held by Stanley Sayers, the American. Suddenly the *Crusader* struck three big waves. For a moment she disappeared, and when the cloud of spray subsided only a few pieces of wreckage could be seen. Mr. Cobb was picked up by a rescue boat, but he had died instantaneously.



THE DEATH OF A CRUSADER—THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN COBB'S BID FOR THE WORLD'S WATER SPEED RECORD: *On left*—The *Crusader* on Loch Ness just before striking the three big waves. *On right*—The cloud of spray which obscured the boat when she hit the third wave. Though she disintegrated at once there was no explosion.

IN QUEST OF SPEED

The Tragic Death of John Cobb During his Attempt at Loch Ness on the World's Water Speed Record

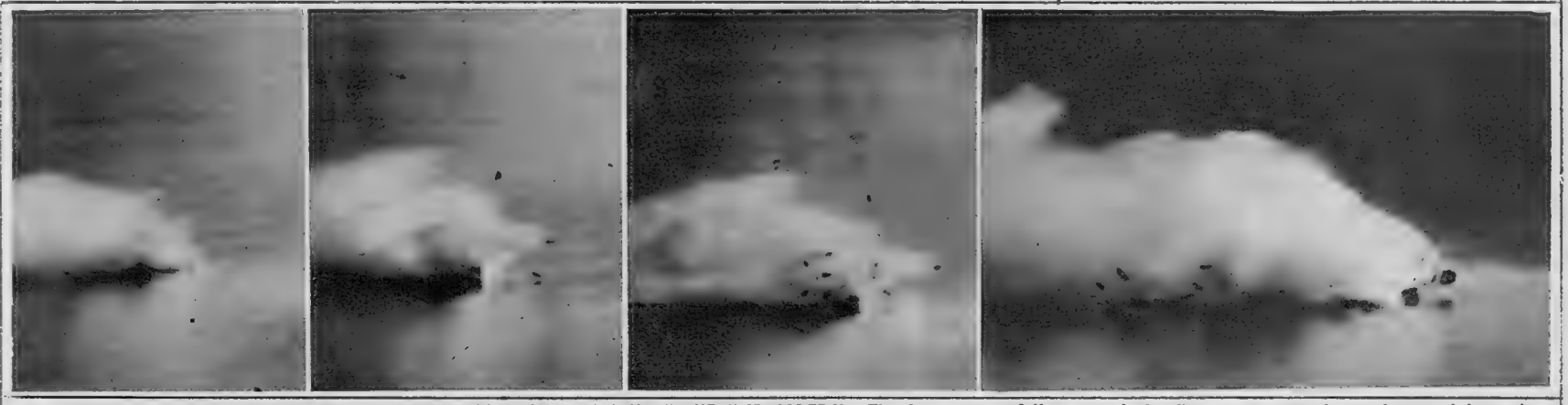
Mr. John Cobb, holder of the world's land speed record, died early last week at Loch Ness in an attempt to bring back to Britain the record for the highest speed on water, which is at present held by Mr. Stanley Sayers, of the U.S.A., at 178·4 m.p.h. He was the second man to lose his life in this quest, but unlike Sir Henry Segrave, who was killed on Windermere in 1930, he failed to establish a record, though he must have reached 240 m.p.h. during the run.

For several weeks Mr. Cobb and his team had been waiting for suitable conditions on Loch Ness and a number of early attempts were frustrated by bad weather. On September 29, however, conditions were found to be ideal, with scarcely more than a ripple disturbing the water. Waving farewell to his friends, Mr. Cobb left from Temple Pier and a few minutes later he was streaking across the loch towards the measured mile, while timekeepers and experts watched from their stations.

Disaster came suddenly. Observers from the shore saw three waves pile up before the *Crusader*. She rode the first two but hit the third and disappeared in a cloud of spray. Then it was seen that the boat had disintegrated. Mr. Cobb was picked up dead 50 yards from the wreckage.

Observers ashore who had seen the waves had appreciated the danger, but there was no time to warn Mr. Cobb by radio-telephone. Whether the waves were due to normal surface disturbances caused by the *Crusader* herself or other craft on the water, or whether they were the result of some hitherto unsuspected factor in high-speed water travel, is not known.

Recent trials had disclosed the tremendous possibilities of the *Crusader*, and it was thought that modifications had overcome most of the difficulties hitherto experienced. She was designed from the start for jet propulsion and fitted with a Ghost jet engine similar to those used for the Comet airliners. The lay-out of the craft was suggested by Mr. Reid Railton, who designed the car with which Mr. Cobb held the world's land speed record of 394·2 m.p.h.



A SEQUENCE OF FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS, SHOWING THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE "CRUSADER": The boat successfully crossed the first two waves but submerged into the third, and water entering the air intakes of the jet engine may have caused her to disintegrate. The origin of the waves has puzzled scientists, who have not ruled out the possibility that something of which they are quite unaware happens when a boat travels at such unprecedented speeds. One expert has suggested that the cause of the disaster may have been a high-speed "water barrier" analogous to the sound barrier which is encountered by jet-planes in high-speed flight.

On left—
THE YACHT "MAUREEN" AND THE JOLLY BOAT REACH THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: John Cobb was picked up 50 yards from the wreckage, seen on the left in this picture. Because of the depth of the loch, one of the deepest in the world, it may never be possible to recover the engine.

On right—
THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH MR. JOHN COBB DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO HIS HEADQUARTERS AT LOCH NESS: This picture was taken during the Queen Mother's visit only two days before the disaster took place.

WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES

Canadian Harvest-time; Sulphur from the Bayou Country; Civil Disobedience in South Africa; Tibetans in Hong Kong; and Other News from Abroad

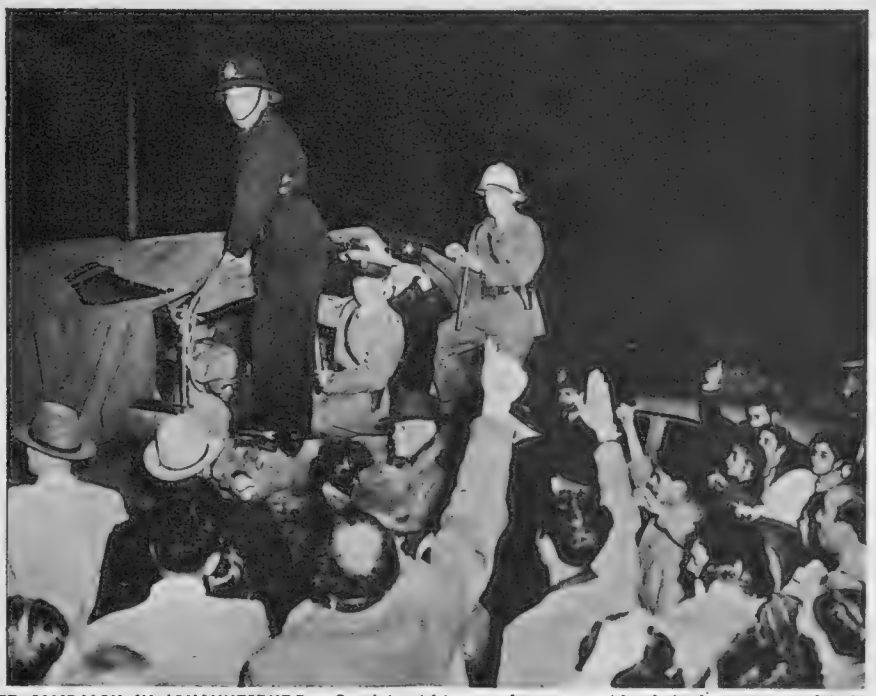
THE WORLD'S ONLY FLOATING SULPHUR-MINING PLANT ON TOW THROUGH THE LOUISIANA BAYOU COUNTRY: It was built to solve the knotty engineering problem of extracting sulphur from a marshland area where the cost of building a permanent plant would have been prohibitive. The floating factory was towed 65 miles to Bay St. Elaine, where it will begin production, and the voyage itself was considered a major feat. Sulphur-mining is one of the most important industries of Louisiana.

AROUND THE WORLD AND BACK TO PARIS: Jacques-Yves le Toumelin directing the docking of his sailing boat *Kurun* at a quay in Paris, where the annual maritime fair was in progress. This was the little boat, only 30 ft. long, in which M. le Toumelin made a three-year voyage around the world, most of the time alone.

HARVEST-TIME IN CANADA—A TYPICAL SASKATCHEWAN FARM STANDING LIKE AN OASIS IN THE MIDST OF THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF RIPENING WHEAT: This is one of the most fertile grain districts of North America and the largest single source of the wheat and flour we use in Britain. In 1947 Saskatchewan produced 173,000,000 bushels, more than half the total production for the whole of Canada. But not all of the province is devoted to cereal crops. The largely uninhabited northern parts are rich in water-power and mineral possibilities, as well as in timber and fish. Two-thirds of the population live in rural areas, mostly on farms or in small villages.

THE "SOLITARY SAILOR" VISITS ROME: Thirty-nine-year-old René Chabbas, known as the "solitary sailor," is seen waving from his cutter anchored on the Tiber at Rome. The Algerian seaman, who started voyaging nearly two years ago, chose the Tiber for a short holiday before continuing his cruise around the world. His boat has no engine.

VOLKSWAGEN BY THE DOZEN—A STREET SCENE IN FRANKFURT: These small German cars are rapidly increasing in popularity on the Continent and are sold in Germany for 4,800 marks, which is roughly £400. The Volkswagen has its engine housed in the rear, seats four people and can reach 70 miles an hour at about 35 miles to the gallon. It is said that almost 50 per cent. of the cars on the roads in Germany are now Volkswagens and that in most towns and cities they dominate the street scene.



A CHALLENGE TO THE GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA—THE GROWING CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE CAMPAIGN IN JOHANNESBURG: *On left*—African volunteers, with their banners proclaiming resistance to racial discrimination laws, assembling in Johannesburg for a march to the City Hall. *On right*—Coloured demonstrators giving the "thumbs up" sign as their comrades are driven away in a heavily guarded police wagon. Last week twenty-two leading citizens of Johannesburg, including the Bishop, appealed for a policy that would "attract the support of educated and politically-conscious non-Europeans by offering them a reasonable status in our common society." The statement went on to say that South Africans are facing a challenge from those who are excluded by reason of their race or colour from any real form of citizenship. The solution was a revival of the Liberal tradition which prevailed for so many years and with such success in Cape Colony. That tradition was an integral part of South African history, offering equal rights for all civilised people and equal opportunities for all men and women to become civilised.

ANTI-PORTUGUESE DEMONSTRATIONS IN BOMBAY: These Indians are seen parading outside the Portuguese Consulate in Bombay with banners demanding the handing over to India of the colony of Goa, south of Bombay, which has been in Portuguese hands since its capture by Albuquerque in 1510. The demonstrators, whose banners were written in English, Portuguese and Marathi, were mostly people of Goa who have settled in the Indian Union. Since the British left India there have been repeated demands for the end of Portuguese and French colonialism in the sub-continent. In the case of Chandernagore, the Bengal city which was under French rule from 1816, a referendum was held, the population decided overwhelmingly in favour of Indian rule, and the city became part of the Union.

MEMBERS OF A TIBETAN "PEACE" DELEGATION ARRIVING AT HONG KONG EN ROUTE TO PEKING: It is reported that the delegation comprised seven men and one woman, who is seen on the right in this picture. They were accompanied by two Chinese escorts who refused to allow them to converse with newspapermen. A Communist Peace Conference was to begin at Peking before the end of September. Members of the Government of the Outer Mongolian Republic were also in Peking about the same time, but the purpose of their visit was not revealed in Communist announcements.

THE BUGLES SOUND AT DAWN ON THE DAY OF THE FÊTE DE CAMERONE : These men of the Foreign Legion are wearing hats brought back from Indo-China, where the Legion distinguished itself in action. Fête de Camerone commemorates the gallant stand of sixty-five legionaires in the Mexican campaign of 1863.

THE FOREIGN LEGION ON HOLIDAY

The Fête de Camerone, Celebrating a Great Occasion in the Annals of the Foreign Legion

We no longer imagine life in the Foreign Legion to be one of high adventure and romantic encounters with belligerent tribesmen. It is, indeed, a life of great hardship and loneliness, and though time and time again the ranks of the Legion are sought by adventurers and romantics, their illusions are dispelled after a few days in a desert barracks ; no less also by a few days in the fighting line in Indo-China, where the Legion has for so long been bitterly engaged against the Communists.

No Frenchman can serve in the Legion ranks unless he renounces his nationality. The officer commanding is authorised to accept recruits of any nationality without inquiring into their antecedents, and this has enabled many desperate characters and fugitives to join the corps. Just before the Second World War the Legion was reorganised into two regiments of four infantry battalions, one cavalry regiment, a regiment of artillery and a battalion of engineers.

Like every other army corps, the Legion has its traditions, and the men expect to be sent into the most dangerous and complicated actions. They are particularly proud of the stand made by a company of legionaires during the Mexican expedition of the French Army in 1863, an incident they still celebrate as the Fête de Camerone.

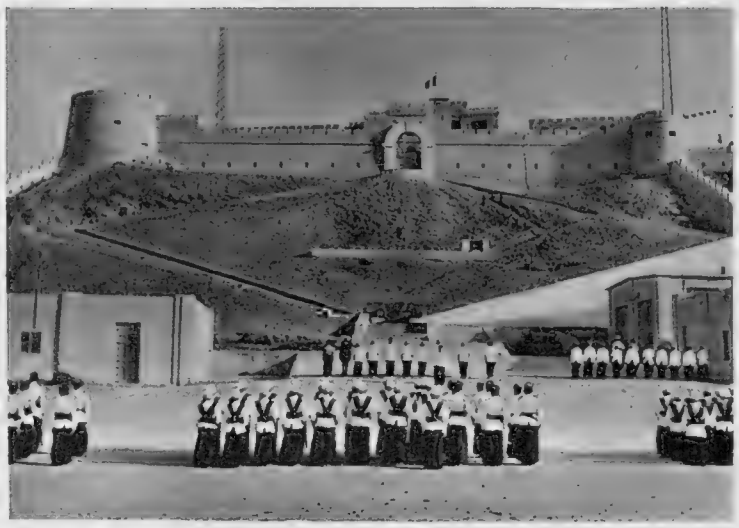
During the Mexican campaign the City of Puebla was surrounded by the enemy, and a company of legionaires, comprising sixty-two soldiers and three officers, were sent through the enemy lines to meet approaching reinforcements. On the way they were heavily engaged and took shelter at the inn of Camerone, where they swore to fight to the last man.

This little force repulsed the attacks of 2,000 Mexicans and held on until reinforcements reached them. By then only three were left alive, but the Mexicans had 300 dead and as many wounded.

Fête de Camerone is celebrated not as a day of sorrow but of rejoicing. When the bugle sounds at dawn the flag is raised, Mass is held and there are parades and awards of medals. After breakfast the fun begins. Differences of rank are forgotten. There are donkey races, sack races, games of skill and small concerts. There are no women, and consequently no dancing, but there is plenty of music, for wherever there are legionaires there are bugles, tambourines, horns and flutes.

Red wine and champagne flow freely at the feast and by nightfall the legionaires are drunk from laughing, eating, drinking and the heat of the sun. Yet in their hilarity there is always an element of tragedy and loneliness, for these are men who have forsaken their homelands for reasons rarely happy, and perhaps with no hope of return.

CELEBRATING MASS ON THE MORNING OF THE FÊTE DE CAMERONE AT FORT LECLERC, THE FOREIGN LEGION GARRISON IN THE LIBYAN DESERT : This is the beginning of a day of great rejoicing for the legionaires. Sports events, concerts and a great feast commemorate one of the most gallant episodes in the Legion's history, when sixty-five legionaires, besieged in the inn of Camerone during the Mexican campaign, fought off the attacks of thousands. When relief columns reached them only three remained alive.



MEN OF THE FOREIGN LEGION STAND TO ATTENTION AS THE FRENCH FLAG IS RAISED ON FORT LECLERC : Before breakfast on the day of the Fête de Camerone there are parades and the awarding of decorations

AN OFFICER OF THE LEGION POURING WINE FOR HIS MEN DURING THE FEAST : On this day all distinctions of rank are lost sight of ; for once life for the legionaires is an affair of pleasure and merry-making. Champagne flows freely at the feast.

THE FOREIGN LEGION AT PLAY : The idea is to walk on the unsteady pole across the water. The legionaire here has fallen off, losing the prize of 1,000 francs, and the dog is retrieving his cap. Water for this pool has to be brought by lorry across the desert.

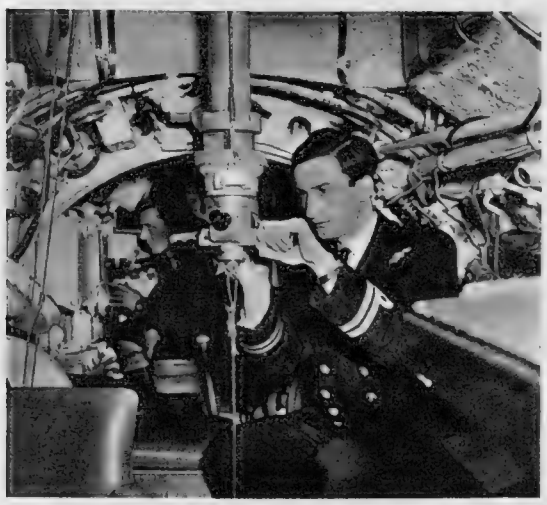
LATE-COMERS TO THE CAMERONE FESTIVITIES : They will be welcomed nevertheless, for their lorry seems to be well laden with supplies for the great feast. On the day of the Fête de Camerone even legionaires under arrest are given a holiday.

A MIDGET SUBMARINE VISITS THE THAMES

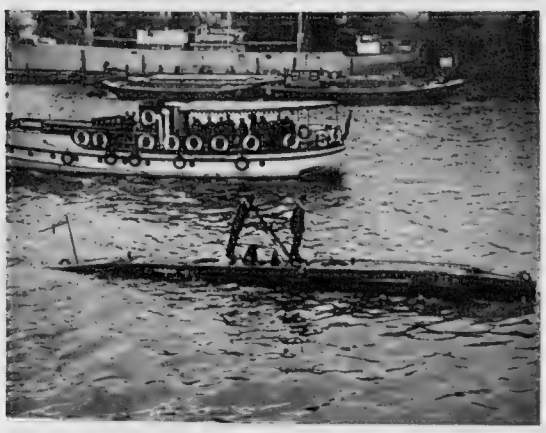
THE "XE8" IN THE TIDEWAY AFTER TAKING PART IN EXERCISE "MAINBRACE"

JOURNEY'S END IN THE POOL OF LONDON: Lieutenant H. Verry, R.N., captain of the "X E 8," standing in the main hatchway as he guided the midget submarine to rest near her parent ship, H.M.S. *Gateshead*. The midget submarines have a displacement of between 30 and 34 tons. The propulsive power is provided by one Gardner engine and one electric motor. *Jane's Fighting Ships* records that there are four vessels in the class.

NO. 1 OF THE "X E 8": Lieutenant Ralph Cudworth on the deck of the midget submarine after making fast alongside H.M.S. *Gateshead* in the Pool of London. The submarine, one of the smallest offensive units in the world, had just completed the journey from Bergen to London after taking part in Exercise "Mainbrace," the combined operation of the North Atlantic Treaty Navies. The first task of the crew on the submarine's arrival in the Thames was to clean ship, removing dirt and encrustations of salt spray resulting from her operations in northern waters. Details of the performance of Britain's five-man midget submarines are a closely-guarded secret, but the U.S. Navy has had a chance to see one of these vessels, the *XE7* having taken part in operations off Hampton Roads, Virginia, during a visit to America in 1950. British submarine technique is still acknowledged to be in advance of anything attempted by the navies of other powers.



THE SKIPPER AT THE PERISCOPE: Lieutenant Verry in the control room of his midget submarine after completing the voyage from Bergen, Norway.



THE "X E 8" IN THE TIDEWAY: *Left*—The midget submarine under way. *Right*—Preparing to make fast alongside the parent ship H.M.S. *Gateshead*. Britain has now been using midget submarines for nine years, the first reference to them having been contained in an announcement of 1943, at the time of the Alten Fjord attack.

THE BENEVEAN DAM LOOKING ALONG GLEN AFFRIC ACROSS THE WATERS OF THE RAISED LOCH BEINN A' MHEADHOIN: The dam, 582 ft. long and rising 125 ft. above its foundations, has raised the level in the loch by 23 ft., thus providing an adequate store of water for the Fasnakyle Power-house which lies downstream. Loch Beinn a' Mheadhoin receives additional supplies of water by way of a tunnel three and a half miles long bored through the hills from neighbouring Loch Mullardoch.

THE GREAT GLEN AFFRIC SCHEME

On October 13 the Duke of Edinburgh will Inaugurate this Vitally Important Scheme which Forms Part of the Hydro-Electric Board's Elaborate Plan to Bring New Prosperity to the Crofter Counties

By NEIL GUNN

(*Author of "Highland Pack"*)

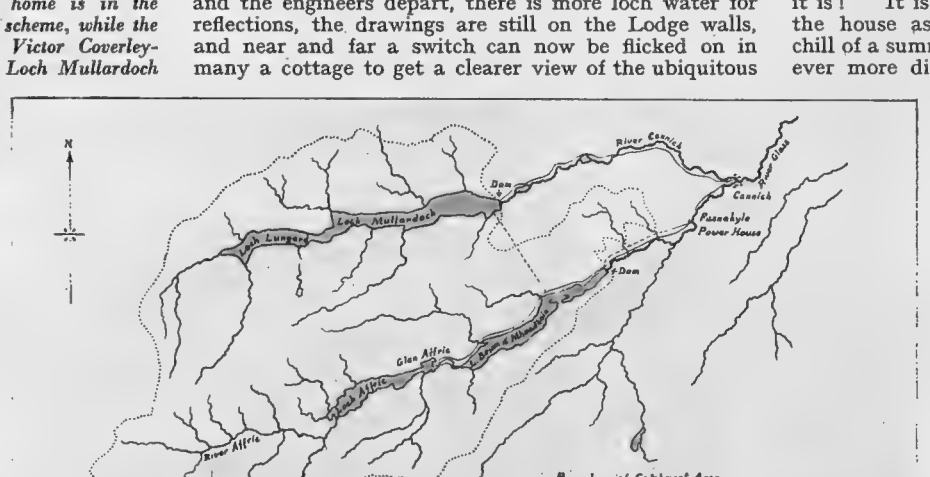
WITH DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

Next Monday the Duke of Edinburgh inaugurates the Glen Affric Power Scheme, one of the most ambitious of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's projects, one of great engineering interest and one also of much significance in the life of the Highlands. In the following article Neil Gunn, the distinguished author, whose home is in the Highlands, gives an account of this vast scheme, while the drawings have been specially made by Victor Coverley-Price, who has visited Glen Affric and Loch Mullardoch on behalf of THE SPHERE, *endeavouring to show in his sketches how well the amenities of the area have been preserved despite the extent of the engineering work undertaken.*

AT the end of the journey you come to Glen Affric Lodge, where the walls of one room are covered with large-scale charcoal drawings of fishing and hunting scenes. These delightful natural studies are almost certainly by Landseer, whose "Monarch of the Glen" caused a stir in more than art circles a century ago, for it was one of three subjects of the chase which Parliament commissioned him to paint, but as the House of Commons could not see its way to offer more than £1,500 for them the matter was dropped.

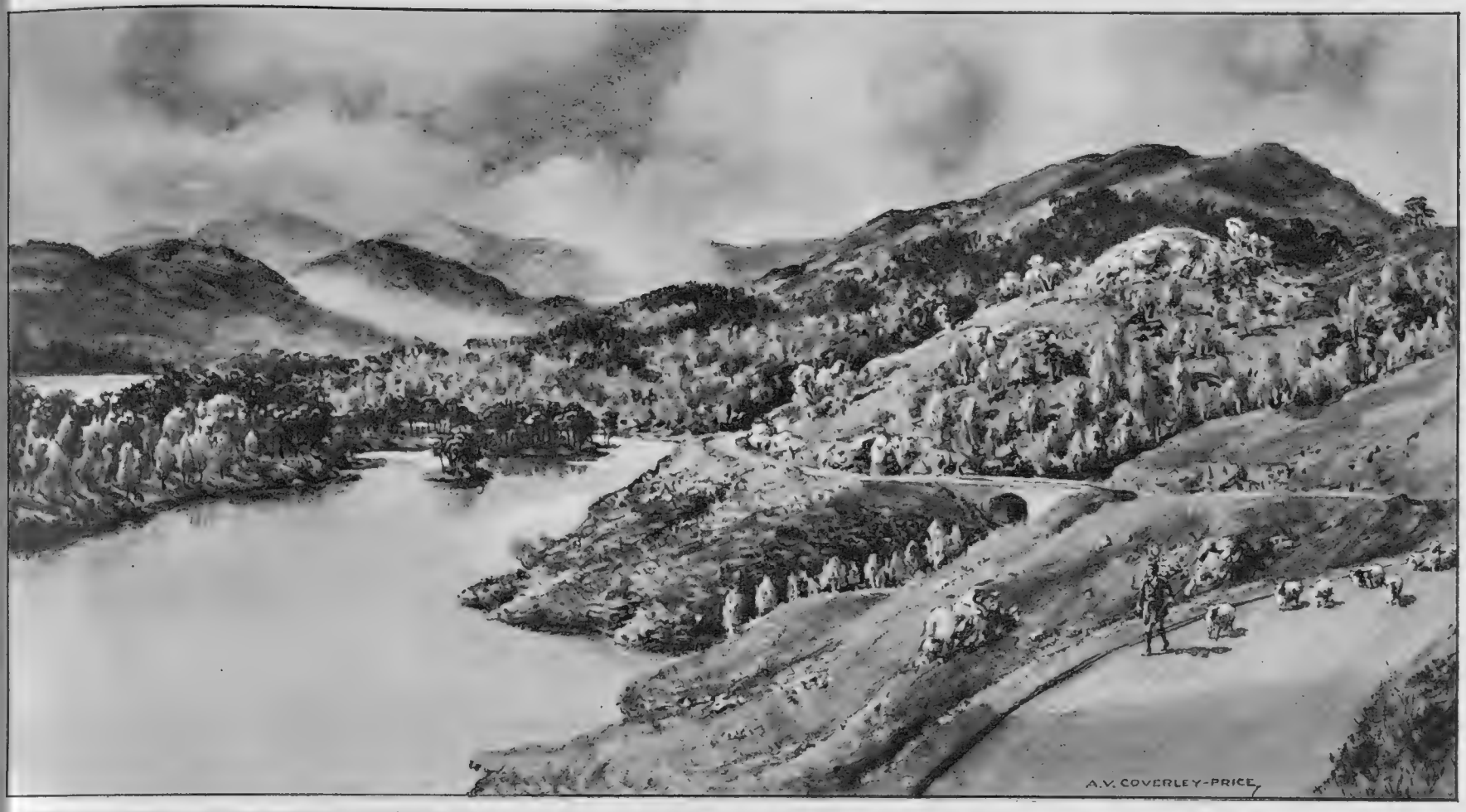
As you stand at the window of the Landseer room and look out over Loch Affric, surely the most impressive and loveliest piece of natural scenery in the Highlands, reflections may arise in more than the loch. By Act of Parliament the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board has been empowered to raise vast sums of money, to tunnel through mountains, to import immense quantities of concrete and steel, and generally to set about dealing with two glens so that 230,000,000 units of electricity could be produced in a year.

The Board has completed its scheme, the planners and the engineers depart, there is more loch water for reflections, the drawings are still on the Lodge walls, and near and far a switch can now be flicked on in many a cottage to get a clearer view of the ubiquitous steel engraving of the "Monarch of the Glen." The more things change the more they are the same, says the old French proverb; but there is always a difference, and for those of us who live in the glens where the electric wires run, how wonderful a difference it is! "It is handy and so clean," says the woman of the house as she switches on her electric fire in the chill of a summer evening. The peat banks are getting ever more difficult of access and, anyway, labour is no longer available—the old peat-cutting squads of a simpler communal age. To the high northern price of a ton of rationed coal 20s. may have to be added for local transport. Already the cost of electric power in Highland places more than competes successfully with the cost of any kind of combustible fuel. And it has hardly yet begun to be used resourcefully, particularly in the ways of house-warming. Some of us have been making efforts in that direction with satisfactory results from an economic point of view, not to mention convenience and the vexed question of labour.

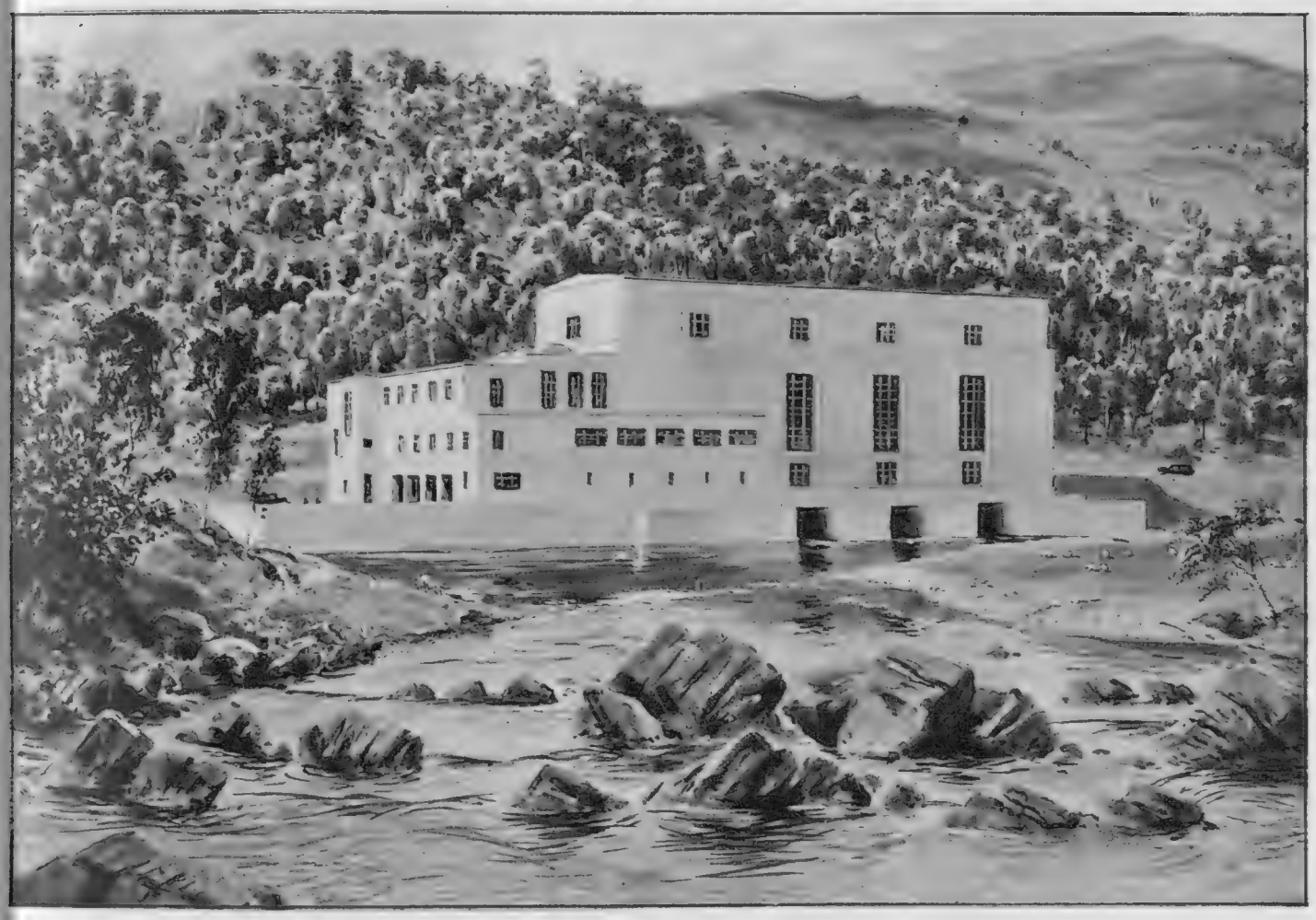


THE GLEN AFFRIC CATCHMENT AREA: This sketch-map shows how the two loch systems, with Loch Lungard and Loch Mullardoch on the north, and the lochs in Glen Affric on the south, are linked by a tunnel which brings water from one to the other, thus providing additional resources for the big Fasnakyle Power Station.

So, though the Hydro Board has its critics, there is a solid body of opinion in Scotland grateful for its works. To one who knows the endless miles of moor and mountain, the infrequent glimpse of a few pylons striding over a pass can be a heartening sight, while I have never yet seen a dam wall that hadn't in the tourist season some sightseers' cars drawn up by it. For the Hydro Board authorities have been continuously sensitive to the blessed word "amenities," to the possible destruction of that beauty which the



LOCH BEINN A' MHEADHOIN FROM THE NEW HIGH-LEVEL ROAD : Much of the old road is now submerged. There is wide agreement that the views have been improved, and many of the strongest critics of the scheme when it was first mooted have acknowledged that the scenery has in no way been impaired. From the outset of the scheme Mr. Tom Johnston, chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, gave an undertaking that the beauty of Glen Affric would not be affected.



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FASNAKYLE POWER-HOUSE, ABOUT THREE MILES DOWN-STREAM FROM THE BENEVEAN DAM AND ABOUT TWO MILES UPSTREAM FROM THE VILLAGE OF CANNICH : There are three 22,000 kW. generators coupled to vertical Francis turbines. The water is delivered to the power-house from Benevean Reservoir entirely through a tunnel hewn in the solid rock, and there are no surface pipe-lines to mar the scenery. The building is 232 ft. long, 68 ft. wide and 65 ft. high above the turbine-room floor. The power generated here is fed into the grid. The main civil engineering contractors for the scheme are John Cochrane and Sons, Ltd.

Highlands provide in such surprising variety ; and if we look at how they tackled this problem in the Affric project we may appreciate in some measure their solution of it.

The catchment area of the scheme covers over 140 sq. miles in the counties of Inverness and Ross, and two main glens are involved, Affric and Cannich. How to dam the waters of both glens with the minimum disturbance of the natural scene, while at the same time making full use of these upper waters of the River Beauly, provided a preliminary couple of years' thought for the Board's engineers and architects, in consultation with those vigilant committees that look after amenity and fisheries. What transpired in such cogitations I may not know, but clearly some bright spirit thought that the wild, stern Glen Cannich could have an extra-high dam wall without noticeably interfering with its general character, while the wall that dammed the waters from Glen Affric could be correspondingly lower, so that this glen's more varied and attractive appeal might at least be maintained. Anyway, this is in fact what has happened. The dam that retains the waters of Loch Mullardoch in Glen Cannich is 160 ft. in height, and overall is the largest the Board has yet constructed. It is 2,385 ft. long, formed in the shape of a wide V, with its apex resting on an island. To reach its foundation level 118,000 cubic yards of soil and rock had to be removed, then some 300,000 cubic yards of concrete were used in building the wall.

The second dam, called the Benevean Dam, in a gorge of the River Affric, is only 516 ft. long and 86 ft. high. Now if the water from Mullardoch in Glen Cannich could be used to feed the Benevean Dam, then the level of Benevean could be maintained fairly static. To accomplish this and have the whole scheme operating through one main power station, a tunnel of over three miles in length was driven through the hills between Mullardoch and Benevean. It was tackled by highly skilled teams working from either end, and in the course of three years they removed 134,000 cubic yards of rock. But engineers have an innate dislike of waste, and as the level of Mullardoch is 80 ft. above that of Benevean, they built a small generating station in the hillside near the upper end of the tunnel which produces some 8,000,000 units of electricity per annum on its own.

However, to return to our point, the result of all this technical achievement on the scenic appeal of the famous Glen Affric has been remarkable. In the first place, Loch Affric itself is not affected, as it would have been had the Benevean Dam been made higher. That is one highly commendable feature of the scheme—and in saying as much I am not thinking in particular of Landseer's drawings ! But there is another, and it never fails to take with surprise those who knew this beautiful glen in the old days : for several miles beyond the Benevean Dam the beauty of this unique piece of country has been enhanced. This is not a personal opinion only. The Society for the Preservation of Rural Scotland estimate the enhancement at some 100 per cent. But this at least is not a matter for figures. There is a winding motor road high above Loch Benevean, from which narrow, gleaming waterways with wooded islands and headlands may be seen ; seen, but sometimes hardly believed, for there are conditions of light which can give the whole scene, from remote mountain peaks to birch reflections in water broken by trout rings (conditions one never finds twice the same), something of that fabled air which the Gael knows when his face is to the west. So if the Board modestly permits itself to be congratulated on the fact that Benevean has a storage capacity of 970,000,000 cubic feet of water, it has earned the right. Indeed, its tendency to concealment, to shove everything underground, is never more marked than in

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THE GREAT GLEN AFFRIC POWER SCHEME

(Concluded from previous pages)

the absence of great surface pipes between the Benevean Dam and the power station at Fasnakyle. Here again an underground tunnel carries the water for over three miles from the intake tower which is built out over the loch to the turbines in the station.

The power station itself is by the roadside and is constructed of ferro-concrete. Such erections may not be things of beauty, even if designed to provide some measure of joy for ever, but in this particular case a golden-yellow sandstone, quarried near Burghead, on the Moray Firth, has been used to face the building with a natural warmth that concrete never knew.

Visitors may see over the power-house, with its huge turbine hall, where a 120-ton travelling crane can lift a machine from its bed for inspection and repair, so we may pass over details of the generating plant and of the control room, with its revealing diagrams for the engineer-in-charge, and consider some of the social implications of this whole hydro-electric undertaking.

In the first place, the housing of the staff has obviously given the Board some fruitful concern, for instead of isolated houses near the power centres we find new houses erected in an existing hamlet or village. At Cannich seven detached and ten semi-detached two-storey cottages have been built in the traditional Scottish design around a common green, and built, too, in that same warm sandstone and roofed with blue-gleaming Ballachulish slates. Again the cost must have been far beyond that of slick prefabs that grow up overnight, but, as the Board points out, they will last so very much longer, not to mention the mellowing effect that the Highland weather will have on them. Here, then, the idea of community is being fulfilled.

But such concern for the Highlands is part of the Board's official business, for there is a general duty upon it to collaborate in measures for the economic development and social improvement of the North of Scotland. The electricity from the Affric scheme will find its way to rural communities not only to help in the home, but to assist agriculture and local industries. Indeed, the Board recognises that agriculture is by far the most important Highland industry and has been carrying out experiments in drying hay and grain. Thousands of new rural consumers are connected up every year, but difficulties are now beginning to appear owing to the increased costs to the Board of material and labour. The ideal was to supply distant communities or townships without any guarantee or payment beyond the normal unit price, but this ideal has been abandoned and potential consumers some distance from the main cables are being asked to guarantee a certain sum per annum, whether or not they use current up to that sum. Crofters here and there are up in arms, for isn't it the water in their own land that is making the electricity, and why should a lot of that electricity be sent south? And the Board replies that it must get some easy money from the south if it is to supply remote Highland places at what would otherwise be a heavy loss. At the moment it is a good-going feud, and the crofters may be depended upon not to be unduly impressed by the Board's impeccable arithmetic. As one who in his time had to guarantee the Board £45 per annum for a supply to a six-roomed cottage, I am prepared to cheer the crofters on, even if it taught me more in the many uses of power than would all the diagrams in the Fasnakyle station. But in the ordinary way nothing approaching this amount is being asked from those in village or township, and in time a balance will be struck, even in outlying areas, which will convince the cottage consumer through his pocket and the housewife's convenience that the benefits outrun the cost. Over all, the Hydro Board, while paying its way as it goes, has shown imaginative resource, and as the years pass, its function as one of the great regenerative forces throughout the Highlands will be increasingly appreciated.

A GROUP OF NEW STONE-BUILT HOUSES FOR THE [illegible]ANE IN THE VILLAGE OF CANNICH: About twenty [illegible]ese number for Forestry Commission staff and local [illegible]dent

THE GREAT DAM AT MULLARDOCH, IN GLEN CANNICH, THE LARGEST DAM IN SCOTLAND : This dam is 2,385 ft. in length, with a maximum height of 160 ft. Loch Mullardoch, which is nearly nine miles long, is the main storage reservoir for the Glen Affric Scheme, and its water is delivered to Loch Beinn a' Mheadhoin by a tunnel.

NENT STAFF REQUIRED TO OPERATE THE GLEN AFFRIC SCHEME, se houses are for the Hydro-Electric Board staff and a similar ents. The Board are encouraging the use of stone for building.

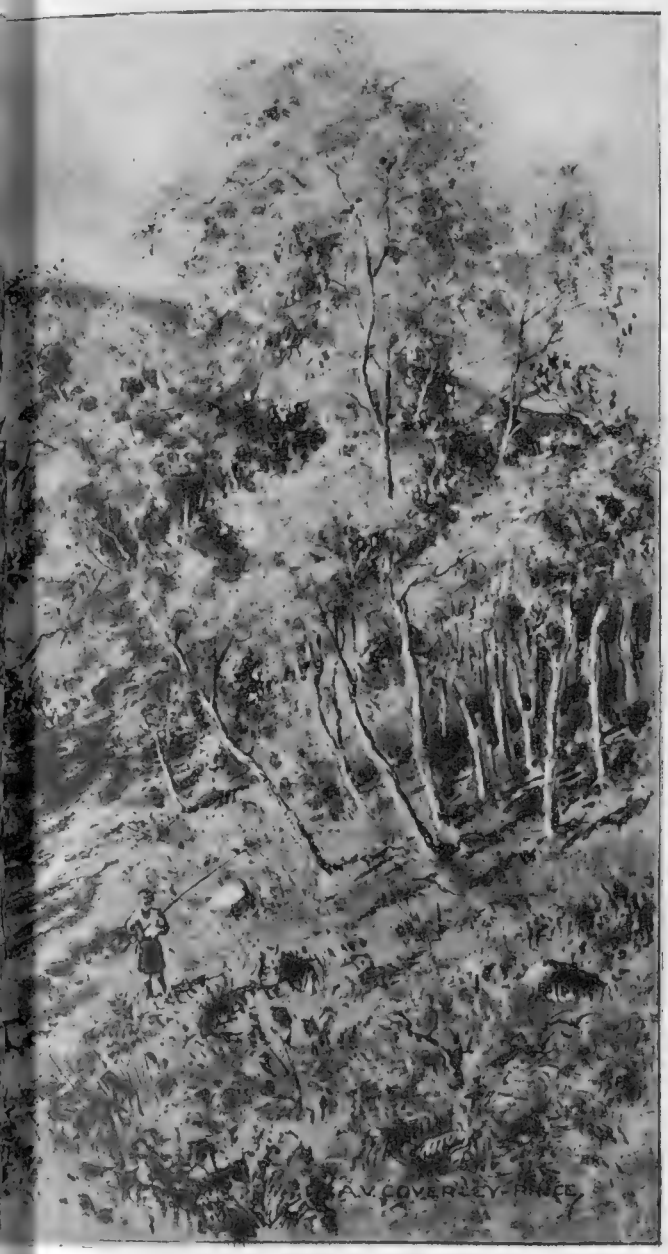
THE UPSTREAM FACE OF THE MULLARDOCH DAM SEEN FROM THE LOCH WHEN THE RESERVOIR WAS ONLY PARTIALLY FILLED : This face is coated with bituminous paint as a protective. When the reservoir is full, the water-level reaches above the painted area and the foreground in the picture is submerged.

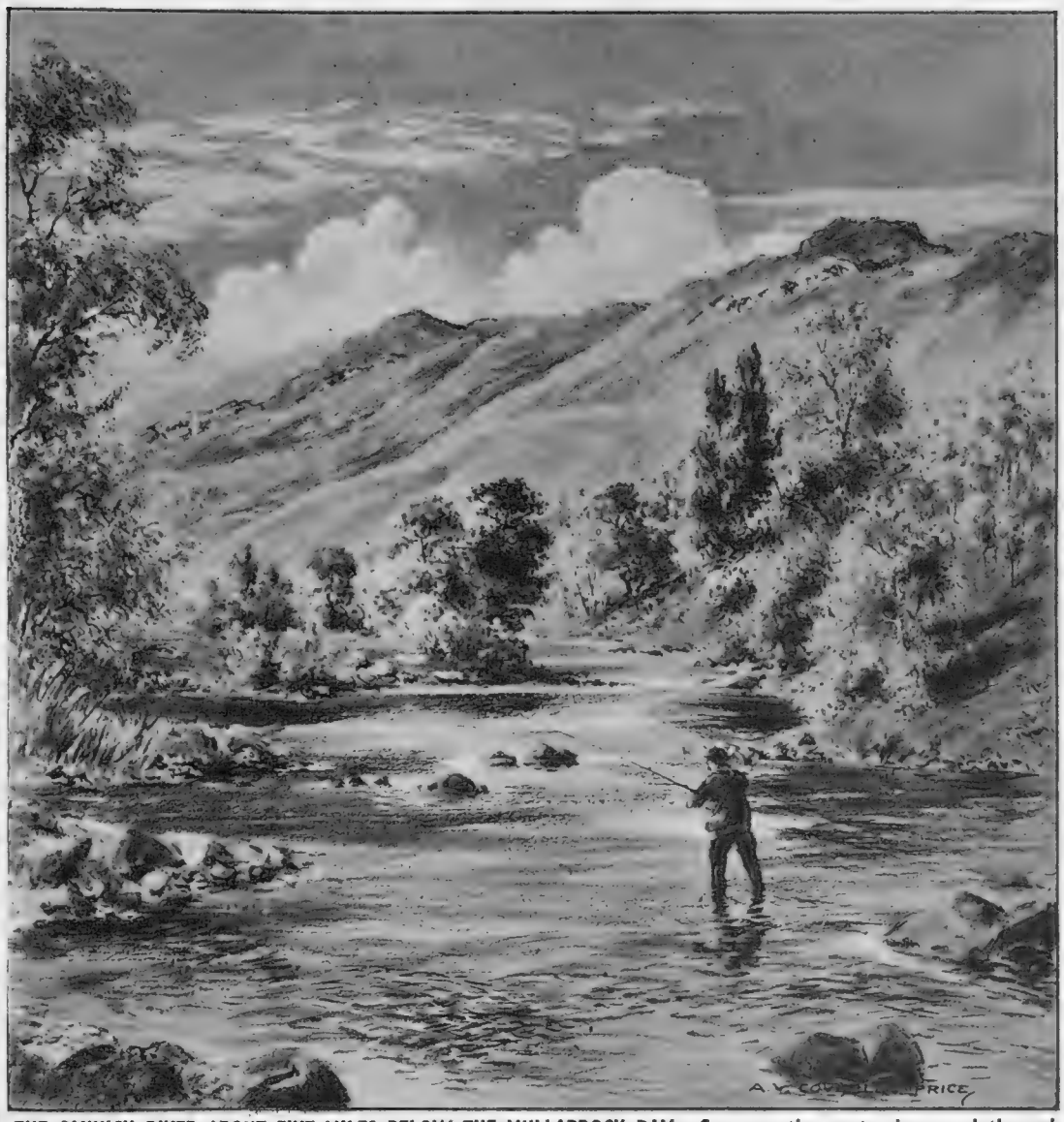
IN WILD AND LOVELY GLEN AFFRIC, WHERE THE TURBULENT WATERS OF THE RIVER AFFRIC SWEEP BETWEEN WOODED BANKS FROM LOCH AFFRIC TO LOCH BEINN A' MHEADHOIN: The lower slopes of the hills are cloaked in birch trees and dark Scots pines. The scenery is particularly impressive in autumn when the woods are changing colour.

THE GREAT GLEN AFFRIC POWER SCHEME

Turbulence and Peace Amid the Wooded Slopes of the Glen Now Harnessed for Electrical Power—The Dam at Mullardoch Seen from the Approach Road

PEACEFUL LOCH AFFRIC, WITH A GLIMPSE OF AFFRIC LODGE THROUGH THE TREES: This noted beauty spot is entirely unaffected by the Hydro-Electric Board's scheme. In this picture cloud shadows are passing over the mountain, where the heather gives a warm glow of colour to the landscape, and outlines are softened by the woods of birch and Scots pines. Affric Lodge lies very near the eastern end of the loch, where it narrows before coursing turbulently down towards Loch Beinn a' Mheadhoin





THE CANNICH RIVER ABOUT FIVE MILES BELOW THE MULLARDOCH DAM : Compensation water is passed through the dam to maintain a flow that will not impair fishing facilities in these beautiful surroundings. The road from Cannich to the dam runs alongside this river. It has been the policy of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board to preserve rural amenities in all the schemes they have so far undertaken.

THE FIRST VIEW OF MULLARDOCH DAM FROM THE ROAD AS THE TRAVELLER APPROACHES FROM THE EAST : The dam seen at a moment when the sun broke through the clouds and illuminated this imposing structure. More than half the dam is hidden from view by the heather-clad hillocks in the foreground. It will be seen how the engineers have made use of the contours in siting the dam to advantage. Mullardoch—the largest dam in Scotland—is the most imposing structure so far built by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, which is operating in an area thought to be capable of generating 10,000,000,000 units of electricity per annum.

THAXTED

The PERFECT MODEL for the STUDENT of an ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN

A Series of New Drawings by
BRANSBY KEATES

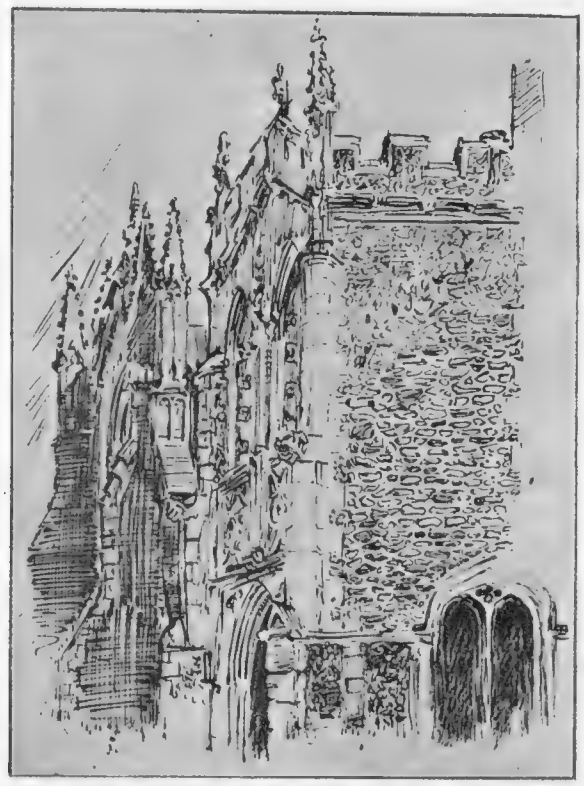
The Thaxted Flyer has just made its last journey, after thirty-nine years, and so this Essex town, which has seen so much of history, is cut off from railway communication with the outside world. The whole line from Elsenham to Thaxted has shut down because it is uneconomic, but this will not mean that Thaxted will revert to its ancient peace; for Thaxted is now a place of pilgrimage, and the bus routes will still bring people thronging to this place which reflects the history of England in miniature.

It has been rightly said that Thaxted would provide a perfect model for a student working on the history of an English country town, because it possesses all the essential materials whether architectural or documentary. The days of government in Thaxted by mayor and corporation can still be traced in its surviving buildings, also its importance as a centre of the cutlery industry. There is nothing to support the view that Thaxted was once a Sheffield of the South, but in the reign of Edward III when the town was at the peak of its prosperity, there was a considerable trade in edged weapons such as knives and sword-blades, which seem to have been sent to Thaxted for grinding and sheathing. Attendant on these processes were men who made and decorated hafts either with carving or inlaid metal, furbishers, gold-beaters and the like, who seem to have been located in what is now Cutler's Green, to the west of the church. Such a group of craftsmen would have formed themselves into a Guild, a powerful body from which evolved a form of government closely allied to that of a modern borough. That Thaxted inhabitants enjoyed certain privileges from a very early date is certain from the refusal of the Earl of Gloucester in 1255 to permit the king's bailiffs to enter the town and distrain for wardpence.

In the Charter of Incorporation granted to Thaxted by Philip and Mary in 1556 we read that: "Whereas oure Towne and Burrowe of Thaxsted . . . is an auncyente Burrowe & hathe had in it beyonde the memorye of manne A maior and other Offycers and mynysters for the better governance of the same . . . And forasmuche as the saide Burrowe is come nowe to greate Ruine & decaye by reason of greate povertie & necessytie in ye same. . . . We therefore . . . wyll ordeyne, constitute, graunte and Declare, that the Burrowe of Thaxsted aforesaide be & remayne from henceforthe for ever an whole and onlye Burrowe . . . one Bodie Corporate and Politique in Deede and name, By the name of maior, Baylyffes and Comunaltie. . . ." Then follows a detailed list of privileges, the provision for a council of twenty-four "of the beste & moste honeste Burgyces," the authority to use "the Gylde hall or moote Hall" as a meeting place, to make by-laws, and elect officers including the Town or Common Clerk, and two serjeants of the mace. There were also the privileges of holding fairs on the Sunday following the Feasts of the Ascension and St. Lawrence and the three following days, and a weekly Friday market. Statutes were also framed for the creation and government of a grammar school. The charter was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth and again, with additions, by James I, but the Corporation was extinguished in the *quo warranto* persecution of James II.

THAXTED CHURCH, ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED PERPENDICULAR BUILDINGS IN THE COUNTRY: In modern times Conrad Noel made Thaxted a centre of worship and pilgrimage, he and his helpers restoring and furnishing the church, reviving ancient ceremonies, and transforming "this museum of the immediate past into a fragrant shrine of God for the everyday use of His people." Only a short while ago more than 1,000 people packed Thaxted Church to hear the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, give renderings of the music of Beethoven, Elgar and Holst.

THE GUILDHALL AT THAXTED: It is one of the few remaining medieval Guildhalls and was built in the second half of the fifteenth century. The ground floor is a stone-paved, open market house, and in it is preserved an iron hook on a pole formerly used for tearing the thatch off burning houses. The business of the borough was conducted at the Guildhall.



THE NORTH PORCH OF THAXTED CHURCH: This porch was built about 1445 and is decorated with the arms of Edward IV. The porch has been much restored. Above it is a small chapel affording the visitor a remarkably fine view of the interior of the church.

On right—

A GOTHIC HOUSE IN NEWBIGGIN STREET: The street was rebuilt towards the end of the sixteenth century, when William Bendlowes introduced weavers into Thaxted. The name of the street is derived from the Middle English *bigging*, meaning a dwelling-place.

THE FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE CLUSTER-BUNGALOW : The other rooms in the normal-sized bungalow are the kitchen, two bedrooms, bathroom and larder. Other units can be added to the cluster at will.

THE CLUSTER-BUNGALOW ON SHOW AT FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX : These new export aluminium bungalows have been produced after a great deal of research, together with field tests in Africa, and are designed to meet the needs of settlers and their families who wish to establish a home where normal building materials are not available.

One of the great disadvantages in settling in the bush or backwoods of tropical and overseas countries has been the problem of providing adequate housing and living accommodation. In places where normal building materials and labour are not available the advent of the new five-room cluster-bungalow, which has lately been on exhibition at Feltham, will undoubtedly be received with wide acclamation. The aluminium prefabricated cluster-bungalow produced for export by Messrs. Booth and Co. (England), Ltd., and easily transportable by even primitive means, makes a comfortable home for five persons. The cluster can be broken down to make small loads, with no part weighing more than 30 lb. The complete outer-structure of the building can then be re-erected by four men in about twelve hours. The construction is impervious to attack by termites and other pests, and is proofed against rot and corrosion. The bungalow has been tested in Africa, Mrs. Louise Martin, wife of a builder's manager, living for twelve months in a similar construction in Uganda. In the course of the tests it was proved that the rooms were cool in summer and insulated against cold in the winter. The revolutionary bungalow is a product of Scotland, originating from Irvine, Ayrshire, and costs £716, or £680 if built in lots of ten.

BUNGALOWS FOR THE BUSH, AND HOUSES BY THE "CITY BUILDERS"

Contrasts in Building on Both Sides of the Atlantic; the Bungalows are Prefabricated and for Export, the Houses are for American Steelworkers

A BARONET DESIGNS A TWO-BEDROOMED BUNGALOW FOR £820 : Sir Martyn Beckett (right) has erected the bungalow on his 250-acre estate at Nawton, Yorkshire, at a cost less than £200 for any house of its kind. The house, which took six men three days to build, was designed by Sir Martyn three months after he had qualified as an architect. By making drastic reductions in his materials, the builder saved 6,000 bricks and 140 cub. ft. of timber. No steel was used. The baronet plans to let the house for 10s. per week.

On right—

A FIVE-MONTH-OLD CITY : An aerial view of Levittown, Pennsylvania, which has risen on the site of a flat plain within the past five months. Levitt and Sons, who call themselves the "City Builders," have been responsible for the entire plan of the area, which by December 1954 will have some 16,000 houses. Buildings are being completed at the rate of 200 each week. Levittown is located near the Delaware River between Philadelphia and Trenton, close to the new Fairless steel works.

MICHAELMASTIDE IN BRITAIN

The Consecration of the New Bishop of Durham; the Opening of the Michaelmas Law Sittings; Dogs of British Breeds on Show at Ascot; the Reopened Tudor Wine-cellar in Whitehall; and Other Home News in Pictures

CLUMBER SPANIELS IN THE RING AT THE BRITISH BREEDS DOG SOCIETY OPEN SHOW AT ASCOT WOOD, ASCOT, LAST WEEK : The show was the first to be restricted to dogs of British origin, the organisers hoping to promote more interest in these breeds which are being ousted in popularity by foreign breeds such as the Alsatian.

THE BEST EXHIBIT IN THE SHOW : Mrs. W. De Casembroot with her greyhound, Treetops Hawk. She holds the Roundway Sugar Bowl awarded for the best exhibit in the show.

KENTISH MAN, AN OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG ENTERED BY MRS. S. M. TALBOT : Kentish Man was awarded a prize for being the best in his breed at the Ascot show.

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF NORTHESK (LEFT), THE CHIEF STEWARD, AND MR. S. DANGERFIELD, THE SHOW MANAGER : There were 2,775 entries; probably the biggest collection of canine celebrities seen at one show.

It is strange that in a country like Britain with so many patriotic traits, the majority of dog-lovers should depend on imported breeds of dogs for their pets and servants. There are far more Alsatians than Airedales in Britain, and there are a great many more elegant laps adorned by the dachshund than by the indigenous Dandie Dinmont. It is in the hope of counteracting this proclivity towards the foreign breeds that the British Breeds Dog Society held their all-British Breeds Dog Show at Ascot Wood, Ascot, Berks, last week. It was the first show restricted to British breeds to be held in this country, and it was heartening to see that the number of entries did not suffer from this restriction. There were 2,775 entries—probably the biggest gathering of canine celebrities seen at one show.

THE CONSECRATION IN YORK MINSTER OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH BISHOP OF DURHAM—THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, DR. CYRIL GARBETT, WITH CANON ARTHUR MICHAEL RAMSEY, AFTER THE SERVICE ON THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS : Twenty-three bishops, including the Bishops of Wakefield and Ely, who presented Canon Ramsey to the Archbishop, took part in the service of the laying on of hands in the nave of the Minster in the presence of civic representatives of the province of York and the diocese of Durham. Canon Ramsey, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge University, Fellow of Magdalene College and Canon of Caistor in Lincoln Cathedral, and a former Canon of Durham, succeeds Dr. Alwyn Williams, who has been translated to Winchester. The other dignitaries seen in this picture are from left to right: Mr. W. H. C. Cobb (Deputy Registrar); Mr. Innes N. Ware (Registrar of the Province and of the Diocese) and Mr. W. G. Wrigglesworth (Chancellor of the Diocese and official Principal of Consistory). In the background are the Rev. J. A. P. Trent (Vicar of Selby Abbey) and Canon A. S. Reeve (Vicar of Leeds and Vicar-General of the Province). At the start of the service a long procession, headed by the Minster cross, made its way through the nave towards the altar, the lay and civic representatives then going to their allotted places for the Celebration of the Eucharist. The sermon was preached by Canon Balmforth, Principal of Ely Theological College.

THE OPENING OF A NEW LEGAL YEAR : Judges of the High Court attend the traditional service at Westminster Abbey at the start of the Michaelmas Law Sittings. Before the service Mr. Justice Davies was sworn in as a new judge. From left to right in this picture are Mr. Justice Pearce, Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Justice Vasey, Mr. Justice Karminski, Mr. Justice Sellars and Mr. Justice Jones. After the service in the Abbey and the celebration of Red Mass in Westminster Cathedral the Judges drove to the Law Courts to take part in the procession through the Central Hall. There the procession, headed by the attendants of the Lord Chancellor, made its way to the customary place where Lord Simonds, with the Master of the Rolls, the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, and the Lords Justices presided over the Court of Appeal. The Lord Chancellor, the President and the Master of the Rolls wore full-bottomed wigs, gowns of black damask with embroidered bands of gold lace, and silk knee breeches with stockings and gold-buckled shoes.

THE HENRY VIII WINE-CELLAR, A FINE PIECE OF TUDOR WORK WHICH ONCE FORMED PART OF THE OLD WHITEHALL PALACE, IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS : The cellar, reminiscent of the Tudor work at Hampton Court and very nearly contemporary with it, is notable for the fine sweep of its groining and vaulting. Down the sides can be seen the stone shelves on which the wine-barrels were kept. The wine-cellar, or "Crypt" as it used to be called, was not originally an underground chamber, but a wine-cellar at ground-level, built in Cardinal Wolsey's time as part of his palace, which Henry VIII appropriated from the See of York when the Cardinal was deprived of the Great Seal. Since then and until the Second World War the "Crypt," remained intact, although the brickwork was covered with plaster. When the time came to erect the new Government building it was found that the cellar interfered with the plans. In view of a promise that the cellar should not be destroyed it was decided that it should be moved to another site. The cellar was then underpinned with girders, lifted onto a staging and moved 43 ft. 6 ins. Later it was lowered by screw-jacks through a distance of 18 ft. 9 ins., and ultimately rolled back 33 ft. 10 ins. to its present position.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WINE-CELLAR WHICH, FOR A SHORT TIME, SERVED AS A LUNCHEON CLUB FOR A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT : The cellar is 62 ft. long, 32 ft. wide and 20 ft. high. Little damage was caused during the removal operations and the original cracks are still no wider than they were before. Visitors wishing to view the cellar must first make application to the Ministry of Works, Lambeth Bridge House, S.E.1.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE YARN MARKET AT DUNSTER, SOMERSET, WHICH HAS BEEN UNDER REPAIR FOR THE LAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS : The Yarn Market was built by George Luttrell of Dunster in 1609, and the castle in the background of this picture has been the home of the Luttrell family since 1375. When the Yarn Market was taken over by the Ministry of Works in May 1951, it was found to be in a very bad state of repair. An accumulation of moss on the roof had rotted the timbers and in other parts of the building dry rot and wood worm had added to the decay. The Yarn Market is felt by the local people to be such an intrinsic part of Dunster that at first there was strong opposition to large-scale repairs. Because of this tiles for the roof were collected from neighbouring farms and houses, so that it would retain its usual appearance. The work is being done in such a way that there is always a large part of the building open to visitors.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITS THE CULBIN AFFORESTATION SCHEME AT MORAY FIRTH, SCOTLAND : The Duke is seen with the head forester, Mr. W. G. Milne, as they walked over thatching laid down before young trees are planted. After his tour, which lasted for two hours, the Duke had tea with Mr. Milne. The Duke made most of his tour in a Land-Rover and was accompanied by Sir Louis Greig, Lord Radnor, Deputy Chairman of the Forestry Commission, and Sir Henry Beresford-Peirse, Director of Forestry for Scotland.

On left—

MR. I. J. HAYWARD, LEADER OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, PLACES THE FIRST CHIMNEY-POT ON THE L.C.C. TRINITY ESTATE IN DEPTFORD : The flag flying above the chimney-stack marks the revival of an old custom that dates back to the early days of the building industry. Men working on the estate celebrated the occasion with a glass of beer. For many years now, "topping out" has rarely been fully observed.

On right—

THE MONUMENT TO HUGH MILLER, THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH GEOLOGIST : Hugh Miller, who was born 150 years ago yesterday, at Cromarty, where his monument now stands, is best remembered by his treatise on geology *Old Red Sandstone*. As well as being a noted scientist, he published a book of poems in 1829 and later *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*.

LOW SPIRITS
at the Vaudeville
HIGH SPIRITS
at the Palladium

THE RETIRED STATESMAN, IN THE MIDST OF A BOUT OF NEAR SUICIDAL DEPRESSION, SHOCKS HIS DAUGHTER BY GOING EXTRAVAGANTLY GAY AND BY MOCKINGLY RECALLING THE DAYS WHEN HE ACTED WITH AN AMATEUR CONCERT PARTY : In *Second Threshold*, at the Vaudeville, Clive Brook plays the part of the statesman, Josiah Bolton, who wishes to cut adrift from life, and Margaret Johnston that of his daughter Miranda, who temporarily succumbs to his own brand of depression before finally finding romance in the arms of the young doctor (William Sylvester; left). The play, by Philip Barry, has been revised by Robert Sherwood.

Philip Barry's wordy play *Second Threshold* has a first act with some of the ingredients of failure, and a second act which, despite the continuing spate of talk, rescues the play almost completely. *Second Threshold* is the story of a prematurely retired statesman, one who played a notable part in the diplomatic exchanges of the Second World War, who was in the centre of the ring with the big men of his day, and who now seeks to cut adrift completely from the life he knew, and, more than that, from his family, his friends and his acquaintances. It seems that Josiah Bolton is setting the stage for his own death, and that, having put his affairs in order, he will one day succeed in one of his attempts at staging a suicide that will be accepted by the world as an accident. Deeply involved in this atmosphere of low spirits and spiritual malaise is Josiah Bolton's daughter Miranda, who, seeing her father mysteriously divesting himself of all his responsibilities, guesses the cause and seeks to save him from himself; to bring him back to an awareness of life and family. The resulting drama of personality could be incredibly tedious, but not in the hands of Clive Brook and Margaret Johnston, whose sensitive acting shows the gradual dawning of understanding between father and daughter, after a game of psychological hide-and-seek which is very much in the mood of the contemporary American theatre.

JOSIAH BOLTON PLANTS A FATHERLY KISS UPON THE FOREHEAD OF "THANKFUL MATHER," WHO SEEMS BENT ON SOMETHING MORE STIMULATING : At the door stands Josiah's daughter Miranda (played by Margaret Johnston), who is not quite sure for the moment what her father is up to.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE BETTY HUTTON : The American film-star at the Palladium, where her turn has been drawing packed houses. The act occupies a whole hour.

BETTY HUTTON AS THE "BLONDE BOMBSHELL" OF HOLLYWOOD WITH HER TROUPE, THE SKYLARKS : In one of the knee-length dresses of the '20's and a cloche hat, she reminds the audience of hectic post-war years.

A HEROINE OF THE '20's : Betty Hutton in her dress of silver marocaine and with her hat pulled down over her ears in the style of the '20's. Miss Hutton's high spirits are hard to resist, and, coupled with a natural sense of mischief, she carries her audience with her through to a triumphant finish. The whole elaborate show has been devised by Betty Hutton's second husband, the Hollywood dance director Charles Curran. In the course of it she sings everything from "Sonny Boy" to torch numbers, from Charleston (in the costume of the '20's) to the Blues. As one critic has said, "she rides the microphone like a hobby-horse."

On right—

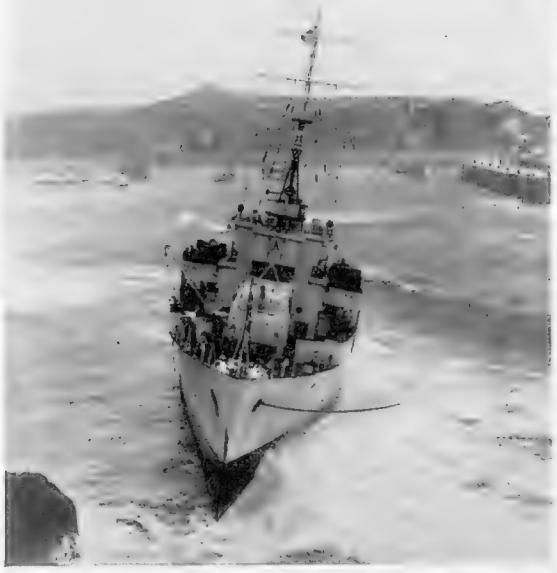
AN ITALIAN FILM TRIO IN LONDON : Silvana Mangano, the twenty-two-year-old star of *Bitter Rice*, seen with her sisters Natascia and Patrizia when they arrived for the first night of their film *Anna*, in which all three appear. Patrizia, who is on the right of the group, is nineteen, and Natascia is fifteen. Natascia is to stay on in England to learn ballet dancing. Silvana Mangano has been hailed as the most remarkable dramatic actress produced by Italian films since the war. With the three sisters came their mother Mrs. Ivy Webb Mangano, who left Croydon 26 years ago to marry an Italian.

THE DRAMA OF PEDN OLVA

THE FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL "WAVE" RECEIVES HELP FROM THE PEOPLE OF ST. IVES AFTER GOING AGROUND IN THE MIDST OF A STORM

THE FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL "WAVE" HALF-HIDDEN BY MOUNTAINOUS SEAS AFTER GOING AGROUND NEAR THE PEDN OLVA ROCK, ST. IVES: At the height of the storm 100 civilians, drenched with spray and smothered with oil, held a lifeline which brought sixty-one members of the crew to safety. After her anchor cable parted in a 60 m.p.h. gale, the vessel had gone aground actually beneath the windows of the sea-front at St. Ives.

AS THE TIDE RECEDED, THE 1,040-TON FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL "WAVE" NEAR THE PEDN OLVA ROCK, ON WHICH SHE WAS SO NEARLY POUNDED TO PIECES: By the time the high-tide crisis was over sixty-one men had been brought ashore and thirty-one were still on board the vessel. Two days after the grounding the ship was successfully refloated in excellent weather conditions and through the fortunate circumstance of a tide which was 2 ft. higher than normal. After the refloating, Commander Everett went ashore for the first time and thanked the Mayor of St. Ives for all that the townspeople had done for the ship and her company.



THE "WAVE" AT THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM: The Fishery Protection vessel seen from the Pedn Olva Rock during the rescue operations. The breeches buoy apparatus can be seen rigged on the deck.

WHEN IT WAS TOUCH-AND-GO FOR THE FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL: *Left*—The *Wave* seen grounded near the great rock. *Right*—Townspeople of St. Ives standing by to haul on the line holding the ship close inshore, while rescue operations were carried out by breeches buoy. Age was no barrier to the helpers. One man who hauled on the standing rope was over eighty. Women and girls played their part in the struggle to bring the crew ashore, and, as one correspondent on the spot declared, tea urns appeared like magic and it seemed that every organisation in St. Ives was playing some part in the work of rescue. The *Wave*, which is now safely at anchor in St. Ives Harbour, is a unit of the 5th Minesweeping Flotilla lent to the Fishery Protection Service for special duty.

SOCIAL AND CEREMONIAL ASPECTS OF THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE WEEK

MORNING SERVICE BEFORE THE START OF THE WEEK OF THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Greenwood followed in turn by Mr. and Mrs. Attlee and by Mr. and Mrs. Morrison after they had attended Divine Service at Morecambe Parish Church. The Fifty-first Annual Conference opened on the following day, and later in the week Mr. Arthur Greenwood was elected Chairman of the Labour Party for the ensuing year. Not all the delegates were housed in Morecambe, a number of them being accommodated in the neighbouring town of Lancaster, while some were out at Heysham.

MORECAMBE

THE LABOUR PARTY IN CONCLAVE, AND THE LABOUR PARTY AT PLAY

It would require a profound knowledge of the structure of the trade union movement in this country and of the workings of the sovereign Labour Party operating in the constituencies up and down the land to interpret exactly what was happening at Morecambe last week at the 51st Conference of the Labour Party, but it required neither knowledge nor profundity to sense the tension of the occasion when the declaration of the poll was made in the voting for the constituency membership of the National Executive. Cheers and boos followed in swift succession as the success of the Bevan Group was made known, and the ousting of Mr. Morrison, needless to say, produced a sensation of the first order. Most outspoken in his opposition to the Bevan Group was Mr. Arthur Deakin, the Trades Union leader, who said that the Unions intended to organise a nation-wide campaign to defeat Bevanism in the local Labour Parties, thus recognising that a very great increase in trade union attendance at ward and general management meetings was essential to his purpose.

THE MAN WHO FLUNG DOWN THE GAUNTLET: Mr. Arthur Deakin, who made a sensational attack on the Bevan Group at the Labour Party Conference at Morecambe

Mr. Deakin made his speech to the Conference as a fraternal delegate of the Trades Union Congress, but there was nothing very brotherly about it, as one newspaper declared. Mr. Bevan, on the other hand, addressed a separate mass meeting at Morecambe at which he sought to allay the popular fears regarding the cleavage in the party, declaring: "We have no fundamental cleavage on policy. We shall hammer out a policy which will unite the whole movement. Many of the harsh things that have been said this week," he declared, "will have been forgotten next week. . . . In public life for every kiss you get two slaps, and the decisions of democratic votes are not declarations of individual worth. Those who are defeated are not defeated because they are not respected. We respect them all."

A SOCIAL OCCASION BEFORE THE START OF DELIBERATIONS: Mr. Harry Earnshaw, the Chairman of the Conference, in conversation with Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, the Chairman of the Election Executive Policy Committee, and the master election strategist. Mr. Morrison's defeat in the election for the Executive was one of the Conference surprises.

DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: The Member for Fulham West with the Primate of England. The Archbishop addressed the delegates at the inaugural church service.

AT THE MAYOR OF MORECAMBE'S RECEPTION TO THE DELEGATES: Mrs. Strachey, Mr. Tom Driberg, the Mayor of Morecambe and Mrs. Driberg. Mr. Driberg was elected to the Executive of the Party with an even bigger plurality than last year. He has long been identified as one of the leaders of the Bevan Group.

MRS. ATTLEE DANCES THE GAY GORDONS WITH MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS: The wife of the Labour Party leader with the Secretary of the Labour Party at a dance in the Winter Gardens at Morecambe. Mrs. Attlee is always a conspicuous figure at party conference time, taking a very full part in the social life of the annual gathering which brings delegates of the Party from every constituency in the country

THE PLATFORM, SO GRAVELY DISTURBED BY VOTING FROM THE FLOOR

ON THE PLATFORM AT THE OPENING OF THE 51ST CONFERENCE OF THE LABOUR PARTY: Dr. Edith Summerskill, Member for Fulham West and a former Minister, Mr. Herbert Morrison (at that time still a member of the Executive), the Mayoress of Morecambe, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morgan Phillips (Secretary of the Labour Party) and Mr. Harry Earnshaw, the Chairman of the Labour Party. Mr. Earnshaw told his hearers that the prophets of woe had often foretold deadly splits within the ranks of the movement, but they had always been proved wrong. "We have our differences of opinion," he said, "and it is right and healthy that there should be such in a democratic party But we are all heart and soul devoted to this great movement. We are all part of one team. We must all pull together. A united Labour movement is invincible."

SOME OF THE VICTORS AND THE VANQUISHED IN A BATTLE OF STRENGTH BETWEEN LEFT AND RIGHT IN THE LABOUR MOVEMENT

MEMBERS OF THE BEVAN GROUP WHO SCORED REMARKABLE SUCCESSES IN THE VOTING FOR MEMBERSHIP OF THE EXECUTIVE: *Left*—Mr. Richard Crossman and Mr. Harold Wilson, who gained seats, ousting Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dalton. *Centre*—Mrs. Barbara Castle, Member for Blackburn East, who was second in the voting to Mr. Bevan (*right*), Member for Ebbw Vale, who received not far short of 1,000,000 votes. Six Bevanites were nominated for the Executive in the constituency section, and all were elected.

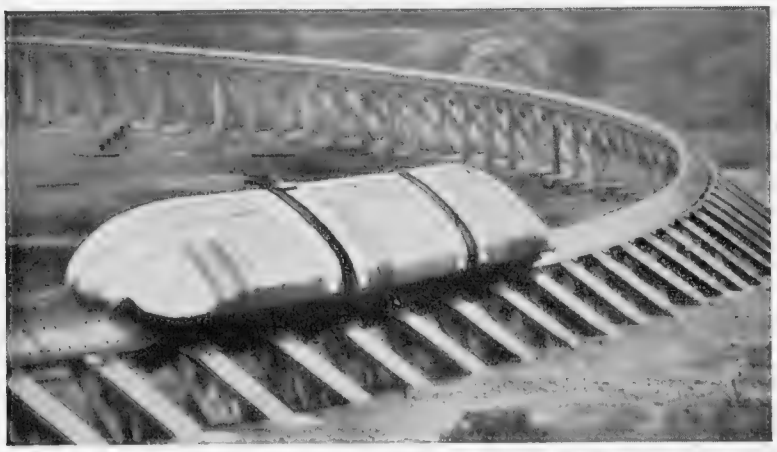
THEY WERE DEFEATED: *Left*—Mr. Herbert Morrison, whose departure from the Executive called forth from him one of the finest speeches of his career, a generous acceptance of the position and a determination to work on with the party. *Second from left*—Mr. Shinwell, who failed to regain the Executive seat he lost last year. *Second from right*—Mr. Dalton, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was ousted in company with Mr. Morrison. He has for some time sought to be the peacemaker between the Bevan Group and the more orthodox members of the movement. *Right*—Mrs. Bessie Braddock, of Liverpool Exchange Division, who also failed to gain the Executive.

ANOTHER STRANGE SHAPE FOR THE AMERICAN SKIES: William Horton, an American aircraft engineer, is seen in the cockpit of his virtually wingless plane, which rose 10 ft. off the ground during a trial taxi run in California. He is said to have spent 50,000 dollars on building it, and to have described the virtues of its design as "preventing air surrounding the plane in flight from mixing with air flowing over its lifting contour."

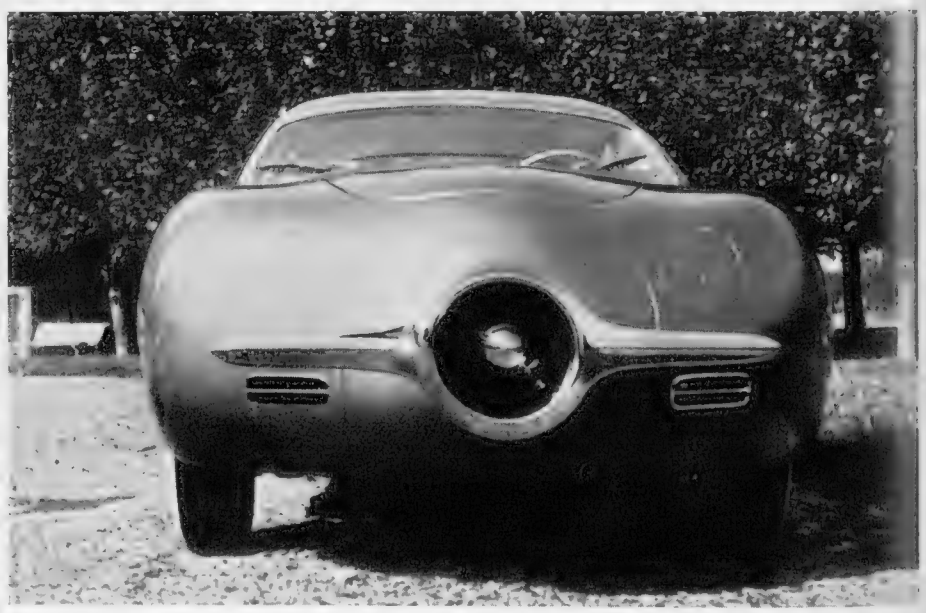
TRANSPORT FOR TO-MORROW

Another Gas Turbine Car; a Wingless American Plane; the Monorail Train; Helicopters for Switzerland

ONE OF THE TWO AMERICAN-BUILT UH-12B HELICOPTERS WHICH HAVE BEEN DELIVERED TO THE SWISS ARMY: It is seen at an airfield in Switzerland undergoing trials as a stretcher-carrier. The two helicopters will also be used by the Swiss Army for artillery and field observation purposes.



A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED GERMAN MONORAIL TRAIN TRAVELLING AT MORE THAN 60 M.P.H. ON A TEST COURSE NEAR COLOGNE: The coach is balanced on a single rail raised high above the ground on concrete pillars. The wheels are set high up inside the overhanging sides and have flanges which grip the electrified rail. A full-size train of this kind, which the designers believe to be quite practical, could reach speeds of 200 or 300 miles an hour over long distances. If the trials are successful American engineers may build the first full-scale monorail train at Los Angeles.



HIGHLIGHT OF THE PARIS MOTOR SALON—THE FIRST CONTINENTAL GAS TURBINE CAR: The two pictures above are of the new Gregoire car, which attracted so much attention when the Paris Motor Show opened last week. It is the joint work of Gregoire, who made the chassis and body, and Socema, who produced the engine. It is claimed that the engine, which appears to be smaller than that of the Rover gas-turbine car produced here two years ago, can develop 100 brake horse-power and can drive at 135 m.p.h. The body is streamlined and has a bulbous front extending some way in front of the wheels. M. Gregoire has said that tests have been extremely satisfactory, though some details have still to be improved. The car, he said, will not be mass-produced for some time and an estimate of the price is impossible at the moment.

THE DAKOTA, FITTED WITH SKIS AND JET-ASSISTED TAKE-OFF EQUIPMENT, SEEN ON THE GREENLAND ICE-CAP BEFORE TAKING OFF THE REMAINING NINE MAROONED MEN: Altogether twelve men were marooned when an R.A.F. Hastings aircraft crashed while dropping supplies to members of the British North Greenland Expedition. Three, who were injured, were rescued by an American amphibian aircraft and taken to hospital at Thule, 480 miles away. The rescue of the remaining nine was delayed by bad weather, but was eventually achieved without mishap. The temperature was about 35 degs. below zero during the ten days operations were in progress.

THE GREENLAND ICE-CAP RESCUES

How the Crew of the Crashed R.A.F. Hastings were Brought to Safety at Thule After Being Stranded Amid the Desolate Sub-Arctic Wastes

Eleven of the twelve men who were stranded on the Greenland ice-cap for ten days when their R.A.F. Hastings aircraft crashed on September 16 while dropping supplies to the British North Greenland Expedition returned on October 2 to Topcliffe, Yorkshire, and were full of praise for their American rescuers who had gone to their aid from the United States Air Force base at Thule.

Flight-Lieutenant Michael Clancy, captain of the crashed aircraft, told the Press on arrival at Topcliffe: "The day we crashed we had set out for the camp of the Greenland expedition to drop 4½ tons of supplies. We found the camp and dropped most of them by parachute, and then came down to 50 ft. to 'free drop' the rest without parachutes. It was then that the crash happened. I cannot exactly say how because it is the subject of a court of inquiry.

"After the crash I counted the men and took precautions to see that the 1,000 gallons of fuel we had on board would not catch fire. We then insulated the fuselage, which was not damaged, to keep us warm. We used parachutes three or four thick to drape the walls, and sacking, which had been round the supplies, was spread on the floor. . . . Most of us did not sleep well the first night, although we had hot stew for supper. The temperature was 17 deg. below zero and there was a wind of 20 knots."

After the second day the party was visited regularly by aircraft which dropped supplies and mail. On the fourth night a party was held in the fuselage of the plane and members of the Greenland expedition attended.

THE FIRST RESCUE ON THE ICE-CAP: The Grumman S.A. 16 amphibian at rest on the Greenland ice-cap near the crashed Hastings, round which the marooned men encamped after their crash. Before the Grumman could leave the ice-cap, two bottles weighing 200 lb. each had to be installed for jet-assisted take-off. This task took an hour in conditions of such bitter cold that the men could only work for two minutes at a time.

SAFE AND SOUND AT THULE AFTER TEN DAYS ON THE GREENLAND ICE-CAP: The nine remaining men seen outside the hospital at the American base, whither they were brought by the ski-equipped Dakota which rescued them. From the second day of being marooned they were visited daily by relief aircraft, which dropped clothing, food, tentage and other equipment.

THE ENCAMPMENT ON THE ICE-CAP, WHERE THE MAROONED MEN EXISTED FOR TEN DAYS IN A TEMPERATURE 35 DEGS. BELOW ZERO: In the foreground are some of the supplies dropped by relief aircraft, and in the background is the partly-wrecked Hastings with tentage erected behind one of the wings to afford protection from the fierce winds.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Planning a Ski-ing Holiday

AN ASSESSMENT OF WINTER SPORTS PROSPECTS IN FRANCE, IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY

THERE is hardly any need for me to emphasize the financial position as it affects British winter sports enthusiasts who desire to holiday in those three "dear" countries of France, Switzerland and Italy. It is, indeed, obvious to everyone. I propose, therefore, to offer some practical suggestions on how certain apparent obstacles can be overcome, especially for those who regard the sport of ski-ing itself as being of more importance than the very pleasant, but often rather expensive social life at a fashionable resort.

As far as France and Switzerland are concerned, I am convinced that the only satisfactory method this coming season for the prospective holiday-maker is to make all-in arrangements with a reliable firm of travel agents. In fact, in no other way, I consider, is it possible to have a happy holiday at a winter sports resort in these two countries within the bounds of the authorised currency allowance. For our travel organisations, with great skill and ingenuity, have secured bargain terms at certain hotels, which the lone traveller could never hope to attain. Then, although some people do not favour the idea, being in a party of one's fellow-countrymen puts you on a common spending level.

In the case of Italy, conditions are somewhat different, for in that country it is feasible for the individual to make his own arrangements on the spot, although for the novice I would certainly recommend a travel agent's tour. Later in this article I will give some suggestions regarding winter sports arrangements at Italian resorts.

When it comes to considering the choice of a travel agent's winter sport tour, it can generally be taken for granted that the resorts offered will be satisfactory, although even the most reliable firm cannot guarantee perfect snow conditions and fine weather. January and February are normally the best months for snow, and the latter the best for sunshine. I prefer, too, a resort which stands at an altitude of around 5,000 ft., for any place below 4,000 ft. is rather a gamble in snow, while above 6,000 ft. the physical conditions can be physically trying.

Apart, however, from deciding on a resort, there are certain other important factors to be considered in the choice of a travel agent's tour, especially regarding the items included in the inclusive cost. You should certainly study whether such important "extras" as baths, afternoon teas, after-meal coffees, ski instruction (for beginners), tickets for ski-lifts, hire of ski equipment (including the waxing of skis and general assistance), and sports facilities and possible taxes are included in the all-in price. If not, you may find your free spending money heavily encroached upon.

In France, our leading travel agents are mainly concentrating on winter sports resorts in the Savoy Alps, such as Chamonix, Megeve and Val d'Isere. For those who desire an economical holiday and are content with simple accommodation, I can recommend a 16-day holiday at St. Sorlin, which costs all-in only £33 15s., and is organised by Rambler's Association Services, Ltd. (48, Park Road, London, N.W.1). Cook's also offer attractive holidays at Font-Romeu and Superbagnères in the Pyrenees. Both these resorts stand at an altitude of about 6,000 ft.

To many people, Switzerland is the best of all winter sports countries, and it has a tradition of catering in every way for the British visitor. In most of the resorts there is a High and a Low Season, and during the latter period—usually January and March—there is a worthwhile reduction in prices charged.

Every lover of Switzerland has his own particular resorts that he favours, and my own choice falls on Flims, Zermatt, Mürren and Crans. Lunns, the well-known Swiss specialists, have their winter sports introductory parties at Engelberg; Cook's choose Kandersteg for their initiation parties, Adelboden for their continuation parties; while the "Poly" make Grindelwald, where they have their own hotels, their special centre. I like all these places. Readers may also be interested in "Ski-ing on a shoestring" holidays and in juvenile parties, the latter being for parents who cannot take their children abroad, and want to know they are in safe hands.

A new idea in winter holidays is a tour of the winter sports centres by motor-coach. Arranged by Cook's, it provides a 12-days holiday at an inclusive charge of 44 guineas. Who knows whether even such a sedate initiation may not tempt one to try a more active kind of holiday the following year!

Now I bring you to Italy, where in the Italian Alps there are some really excellent ski-ing centres. And if you avoid the short High Season—around Christmas and the New Year—you can, on the spot, secure bargain pension terms. During a recent visit to the Piedmontese Alps, the Val d'Aosta and the Dolomites, I found scores of admirable hotels, inns and refuges where the all-in board and lodging cost need not exceed £1. Equally important from the Briton's point of view is that the cost of most "extras" in Italy is remarkably low: a cup of coffee, the superb *espresso*, 5d.; a "quarter" of good local wine, 8d.; and a packet of twenty Italian cigarettes, 1s. 8d. In fact, outside of the fashionable resorts, such as Cortina and Sestriere—and even these places need not be expensive to-day—I would say that *on your own* and provided you possess a modicum of travel-sense, you should quite easily be able to enjoy a fortnight's ski-ing holiday in Northern Italy and keep within the bounds of your allowance.

In the Dolomites I would commend Cortina d'Ampezzo, one of the finest winter sports resorts in Europe; near-by Misurina; Corvara (with its typical Tyrolean inn, the Hotel Post) and its neighbour, Colfosco; Plan, in the Valley of Gardena; and, perhaps most stimulating of all, the glorious Alpe di Siusi, where there are a number of comfortable hotel-refuges scattered about the wide plateau encircled by mighty mountains—it reminded me of Shangri-la.

In Aosta, outstanding for its excellent ski-slopes, is Breuil, which faces south from the foot of the Matterhorn. Here you find two cable-railways that take you up to close on 12,000 ft.—the highest in Europe. Unfortunately, owing to a total lack of planning, this small resort is otherwise somewhat depressing, and you might be better off at near-by Cervinia.

The Piedmontese Alps offer fashionable Sestriere, marvellously organised, for at the finishing-point of each principal run there is a bus service back to Sestriere, and the starting-points of the cable railways. At this resort there are the two curious circular hotels, whose interiors, however, reminded me of some new kind of prison. I like much better a recently opened apartment hotel at the new winter sports resort of Sportinia, near to Sauze d'Oulx, and which is called the Miramonti. It represents a new idea in holiday accommodation, for in this first-class establishment you can rent at daily rates a small apartment for 1–4 persons, complete with bath and small kitchenette. There are no pension rates, but downstairs there are two restaurants and a cafeteria, so that you can eat according to your purse. Even for meals, the fixed-price menus include wine, coffee, service, taxes, so that you know exactly where you stand. I feel sure that this brilliant scheme could fill many of the now almost empty "Grand" hotels of other countries.

It may not be out of place to state here some useful hints on how to save money out of the travel allowance, for I am always rather surprised at the way many Britons fritter money away when abroad on items that could well have been paid for before leaving home.

Coupons for meals on trains during your journey out and back should, for instance, be purchased from your travel agent in sterling before leaving home. If you wish to hire winter sports clothing and equipment they can be obtained from Moss Brothers, another considerable saving on your travel allowance; but I strongly advise you to buy, and not hire, ski-ing boots. Take sufficient toilet accessories, so that you do not have to purchase abroad; and buy your sun-glasses in this country. If you have a camera, carry a supply of films with you, for these are often quite expensive abroad. A spare passport photo may also be needed for use on a season ticket on cable-railways, ski-lifts, etc. I always carry with me a small stove, solid fuel and tea, not only because it represents a considerable financial economy, but because it is the only way I can ensure a decent cup of this essential British beverage. Smokers should pack up a supply of cigarettes, etc., to see them through. Then, a number of International Reply Coupons saves you from paying out the often seriously high charges for foreign postage. (Do not forget that postcards with five words of greeting only go at much lower rates.)

As many of the winter sports tours this coming season are limited to seven days at a resort, it is absolutely essential that your muscles should be in full working trim on arrival. To ensure this, practise certain exercises at home, or even at special classes which are now arranged—your travel agent should be able to advise you about these—otherwise most of your holiday may well be spent merely in getting acclimatised. At your hotel, insist on settling for "extras" daily, for this may well prevent the shock some people get when presented with a bill at the end of their stay. And, finally, before departure, insure your baggage against loss or damage, and yourself against accidents. It is better to be sure than sorry.

Gordon Cooper

ITALY—CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, THE ST. MORITZ OF THE DOLOMITES: This international winter sports station and summer resort is only a morning's journey from Venice. In winter the air is exhilarating, the sun hot, and the snow usually excellent. No fewer than fifty-eight itineraries are offered to skiers, and down-runs up to eight miles in length may be made. In 1956 the Winter Sports Olympiad will be held at Cortina.

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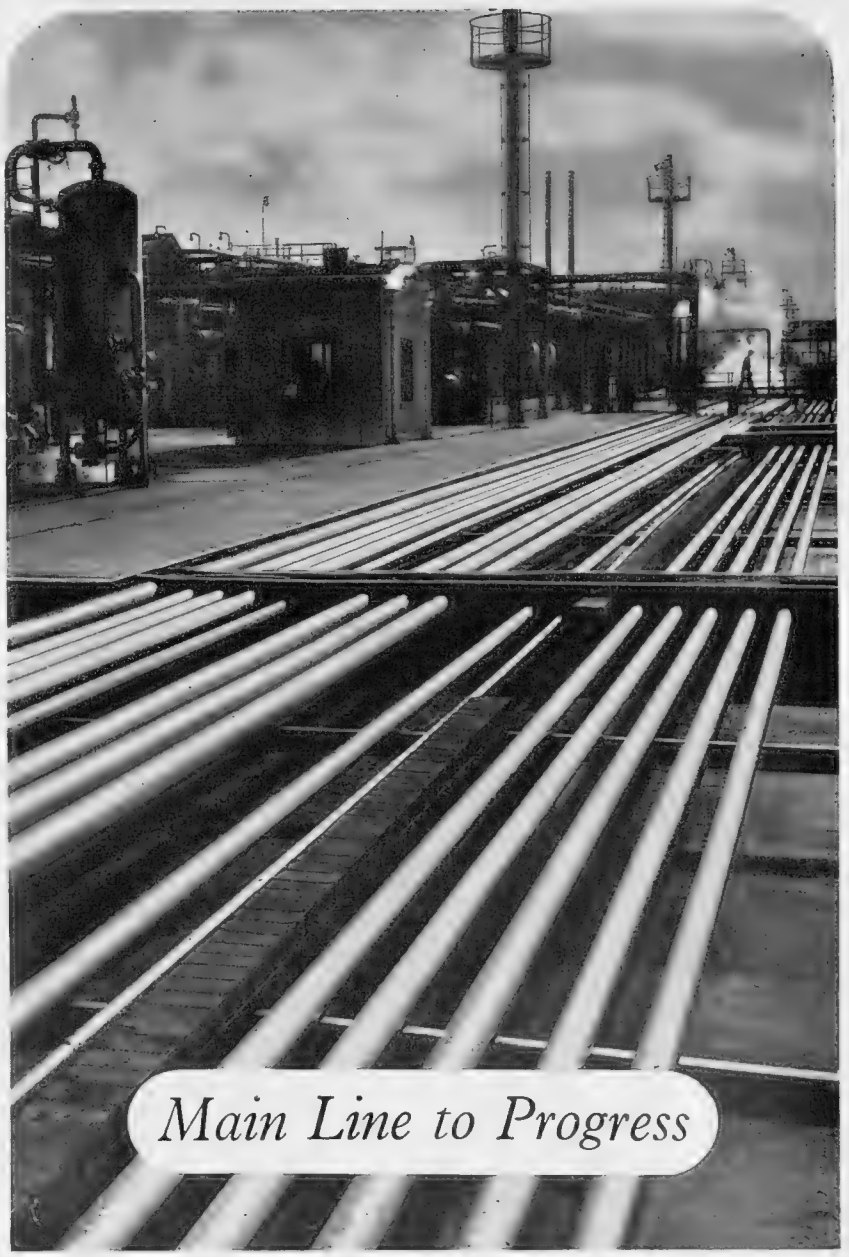

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A LATE SUMMER'S DRIVE THROUGH PROVENCE

Mr. James Pope-Hennessy's "Aspects of Provence" Makes its Appearance at the Start of the Autumn Publishing Season

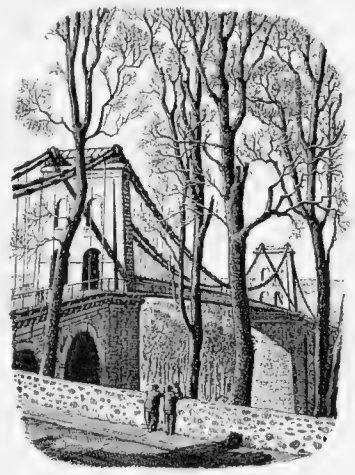
AT the end of summer which for many people means, or used to mean, at least two days of driving through Provence, it is a nostalgic pleasure to read Mr. James Pope-Hennessy's admirable book, ASPECTS OF PROVENCE (Longmans. 18s.), in which the author describes some of his findings during the nine visits he has made there in the last five years. It is not necessary, of course, to know or love Provence in order to appreciate the liveliness and grace of his style or the good sense of his opinions, but it does help, and when the reader has a devotion to that part of France that stretches over a quarter of a century, then the book will be a real delight.

"While I cannot say with Robert Louis Stevenson: 'I was only happy once—that was at Hyères,' I have passed some of the happiest days of my life wandering in Provence," writes Mr. Pope-Hennessy, and that sense of happiness, with its keen enjoyment of the bizarre, the austere, the beautiful and, above all, the infinitely varied scenes of Provence, he conveys quite exquisitely. What a book this will be to re-read and to bring the sun into our English winters.

Newest and freshest of Mrs. Robert Henrey's books (for that always seems to be an appropriate term for her writing), is AN EXILE IN SOHO (Dent. 16s.), a book that again is partly autobiographical, and partly the closely interwoven story of the lives of a number of people she has known, or whose existence has in some way affected hers. Women, we are told, are apt to write, speak and think from an acutely personal point of view, and this rather tiresome generalisation does at least apply to Mrs. Henrey's work, but in a sense that is delightful rather than excessive. There can surely have seldom been a writer more feminine in her perceptions and her interests, and this tale of London and of European life concerning the French chef who for a brief time was her stepfather, could only have been written by an intelligent, intuitive and intensely feminine person. In fact, by Mrs. Robert Henrey.

I don't quite know how even a naturalist's wife accepts the fact that "birds are to be her lot," but we are told that this was true of Mrs. Grace E. Barstow Murphy, the wife of a well-known American ornithologist, who has written her memoirs of more than thirty-five years of world-wide travelling with her husband, and often with their three children. THERE 'S ALWAYS ADVENTURE (Allen and Unwin. 18s.) is well named, and the informality is typical of a book that is often quite breathless with excitement, and with the wish to let the reader see exactly *how* strange, wonderful and altogether thrilling life with a naturalist can be. I found it fascinating and written with a zest that more than atones for the rush in which it is told.

Mr. Arland Ussher writes of three of his fellow-Irishmen whom he has chosen, not only because he believes them to be the three greatest of this century, but also "because they . . . supply—by their complementary adequacies and inadequacies—something like a complete truth by which a man can live." Shaw, Yeats and Joyce are the trio of THREE GREAT IRISHMEN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), and it is doubtful whether we will find them discussed more wittily or wisely in relation to each other than in the present book. Mr. Ussher, as I remember, has a gift for writing in a manner which is at the same time provoking, biased, humorous and altogether likeable, and this new work of his must surely increase his reputation as an intellectual analyst, and, above all, as a wonderfully stimulating writer.



GATEWAY TO ANGLESEY: This drawing faces the frontispiece of *Shorelands Summer Diary* (Collins. 42s.), the first natural history book to be written and illustrated by Charles F. Tunnicliffe. The book is a vivid account of Mr. Tunnicliffe's adventures upon settling in Anglesey. There are many drawings in colour and line.

THE SEVEN YEARS OF WILLIAM IV (Avalon Press and William Heinemann. 42s.) is a felicitous combination of sixty-two collotype plate reproductions of John Doyle's cartoons of the reign, and a letterpress by Professor G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. Artistically it is a fine production, and from the point of view of its historic merit, invaluable. John Doyle was an artist, as Professor Trevelyan explains, who has left to posterity a lively, exact and amusing record of the leading public figures in a great period of our domestic history, and, further, who did England the great service of substituting portraiture for caricature and fun for brutality in the leading political prints of the era.

IF A MAN BE MAD (Gollancz. 15s.) is an extraordinary and often a horrible book, the autobiography of a man who has been a hopeless alcoholic, who for a time was adjudged insane, and who has lived in a long series of mental hospitals of varying degrees of incompetence or brutality, before he regained normality and peace of mind. It is a courageous chronicle, written with little bitterness and with considerable detail, as if the very writing had been a form of therapy. Harold Maine (the name the author has chosen) has done an excellent job, but he has also produced one of the most depressing books I have read this year.

Sir Alan Herbert is represented by two books in this batch: one a collection of his entertaining "misleading cases" from the pages of *Punch*, in which the redoubtable Haddock is once more seen in the toils of the law, struggling spiritedly and good, as ever, for a great many laughs. CODD'S LAST CASE (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is a companion volume, though not in size, to A. P. Herbert's *Uncommon Law*, and is just as satisfactory an addition to the bookshelves.

FULL ENJOYMENT (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), by the same author, is a volume of verse, some of it serious as in the dignified epitaph for Jan Masaryk, but the greater part of it amusing to the point of hilarity. I particularly liked that rousing poem entitled: "Oh, Put a Sock in It!" being a protest against dismal ditties, and I agree with every line of the poetical plaint against women's habit of showing their big toes through the ends of their shoes. In other words, the little book is full of good things, and I recommend it to you.

New novels come thick and fast—and occasionally shining—with a good deal more vitality than autumn leaves. First of all, there is Mr. H. E. Bates's LOVE FOR LYDIA (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), a half-romantic, half-commonsensical, wholly satisfying story about a set of young people in a growing Midlands town where the ugliness of the new factories enhances the beauty of the last of the near-by estates and great houses. In one of these lives Lydia, a wilful, passionate girl, more attractive than beautiful, for whom the young men of the district are soon vying, and who has what used to be known in my youth as a fine old time, being courted and cossetted by them. The story is not without drama, but what I liked most of all about it, apart from the fact that the young people are so real as to be almost recognisable, is the strong but delicate evocation of the countryside, its farms, fields and spinneys, and the weather that brings them to life.

Mr. Louis Bromfield's new novel, MR. SMITH (Cassell. 15s.), is both good and alarming. Good because his is the ease of a practised novelist, with skill in telling a story and skill in avoiding the clichés that crop up in the best of plots, and alarming because it purports to be the life-story of a middle-aged American in good health and comfortable circumstances, who not only hates his wife and is indifferent to his children but recognises that he has missed everything in life that he once hoped to have. What makes those things a little more than sad is that he is held to be typical of thousands of his compatriots. As usual, whatever Mr. Bromfield writes is readable to a trancelike degree, but I did find in this book of his more vigour than in any for the past fifteen years or more.

I have no way of knowing whether it will annoy Mr. Winston Clewes to be told that his writing gets better and better, but such is my opinion, and his new book, PEACOCKS ON THE LAWN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), appears to me to bear it out. This is a story of Western Ireland in the present day, and of an Englishman who visits it for a rest and stays to find instead a strange, century-old story, and a series of emotions which, so far from the exhaustion he feared from them, bring him back to a stimulated sense of life and give him the will to live it. Mr. Clewes uses that sometimes awkward device by which the story swings back and forth between the past and the present, but his handling is deft and the story never loses its smoothness.

Six New Publications

The latest addition (No. 6) to the Brief Lives series is **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** (Collins. 7s. 6d.), *by Herbert Agar.*

THE THURBER ALBUM (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), *by James Thurber; sketches about people, mainly relating to his boyhood days in Ohio.*

Coinciding with the actor's visit to this country is Theodore Huff's **CHARLIE CHAPLIN** (Cassell. 25s.). *Mr. Huff, an American film historian, has traced the comedian's life-story from early childhood to the present day. There are many illustrations from the comedian's films.*

A BOOK OF FLOWERS (Macmillan. 18s.), *compiled by Edith Sitwell, is an anthology of praises of the flower, compiled from works by poets, gardeners and philosophers.*

QUARTET IN HEAVEN (Cassell. 15s.), *by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is a biographical study of four women who lived far apart in place and time, yet come together in Sainthood.*

THE SPAN OF TIME (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), *The Autobiography of a Doctor, tells the story of J. T. Bell Nicoll, who was struck down in middle age by a disabling disease.*

OF BRIGANTINES AND BARQUENTINES

And Other Tales of the Sea

Women do not figure largely in the annals of the sea, but here is a glorious exception, Emily Wooldridge, who in November 1869 sailed with her husband, Richard Wooldridge, in the brigantine *The Maid of Athens*, bound from London Docks to the Pacific Coast of South America with a mixed cargo which included camphor and iron boilers, and a no less mixed crew of workers and shirkers. Mrs. Emily Wooldridge was about twenty-nine years old at the time, the same age as her husband's ship. During the voyage, and subsequently as a castaway, Mrs. Wooldridge kept a journal which she gave to her doctor on her deathbed in the early '20's, and now, edited and illustrated by Laurence Irving, it is published under the title THE WRECK OF "THE MAID OF ATHENS" (Geoffrey Bles. 12s. 6d.). Like many another Victorian woman of education, Mrs. Wooldridge was an accomplished diarist, and in recording the terrifying events which befell her, so utterly strange to a gently-nurtured woman, she is at once nautically accurate and tersely vivid. *The Maid of Athens* set on fire in her cargo-holds when rounding the Horn, and the captain was just able to get his ship aground in one of the coves of Staten Island, a cold, desolate and uninhabited place, perpetually drenched in mist and rain, which juts south-eastwards into the Atlantic from the tip of Tierra del Fuego. How Captain and Mrs. Wooldridge and the crew got ashore, how they assembled the sparse wreckage on which their lives depended, set up a camp upon an island inlet and then prepared for the voyage in the long boat to seek help in the Falklands, is recorded rather with the pride and practicality of a housewife settling into a suburban villa. Difficulties were many, for the men stole the food and spirits, if they were not outwitted; they drank eau-de-Cologne from the wreck until their faces swelled, and they were often surly and sometimes downright mutinous. Through all the perils and dangers the devotion and courage of Emily Wooldridge seldom faltered, and somehow her femininity prevailed as a civilising influence in this desolate spot at the southern extremity of the world. The final chapter describes the 500-mile voyage to the Falklands, where help was sought and obtained for the three crew members who were left behind in Staten. Their long boat, the diarist says, was a source of wonder to everyone, not least themselves, patched, as it was, with soup tins, copper ripped from *The Maid of Athens* and bits of canvas. In 1870 the Wooldridges arrived home in England, *via* Monte Video to Falmouth, a sorrowful homecoming after all their trials because of the death of two close relatives. Then together the steadfast captain and his heroic wife set about repairing their damaged fortunes.

And now from brigantine to barquentine, and another story of ocean voyaging under sail. Peter Roach was only eighteen when, in 1936, he became one of the volunteer crew of the *Cap Pilar*, the French sailing-ship which Adrian Seligman took to the South Seas. In VOYAGE IN A BARQUENTINE (Rupert Hart Davis. 15s.), Peter Roach gives his personal record of life as a foremast hand during a voyage extending over two years. It is a superb story about a very beautiful ship, and the only regret is that to-day the *Cap Pilar* lies forlorn and deserted on the River Colne at Wivenhoe, one of the many ships that will never sail again except in the pages of books like this, as Adrian Seligman says in his laudatory introduction.

Here is a sea story about four men who had the time of their lives in the stout little sailing-ship *Gaucho*, in which they sought to get away from it all, and exceeded beyond all expectations in almost trouble-free and wholly carefree voyaging across the North and South Atlantic and to the ports of the Mediterranean. The author is Ernest Uriburu, and he calls his book SEAGOING GAUCHO (Arthur Barker. 15s.). Signor Uriburu is a diplomat of distinction, but somehow or other he contrived an interlude for this 27,000-mile voyage with three companions. "We had fun all the time," he declares, and his memories of those halcyon days are set down with the zest of one who has found all that is best in life upon the sea.

Finally, here are three wartime books about the sea. Rear-Admiral Daniel V. Gallery in CLEAR THE DECKS (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) describes his part in the Battle of the Atlantic. This American sailor's tales of submarine stalking and of revolutionary experiments in carrier-launched night flying constitute an important contribution to the history of the war at sea. In U-BOAT 977 (William Kimber. 15s.), Heinz Schaeffer, a German U-Boat commander, tells his own personal tale of the war, culminating in his voyage to the Argentine. By dint of remaining submerged for sixty-six days he escaped the Allied net, and there followed the world-wide rumour that the U-boat had taken Hitler to South America. Even more dramatic is Walter Gibson's THE BOAT (W. H. Allen. 5s.), the account of a 1,000-mile voyage in a lifeboat after being shipwrecked following the fall of Singapore. Of the 135 souls on board at the start only four survived to the end, two mad Javanese, a Chinese girl and the author of this book. Mr. Gibson's is a macabre story of heroism, horror, murder and treachery, a battle for survival in desperate circumstances.

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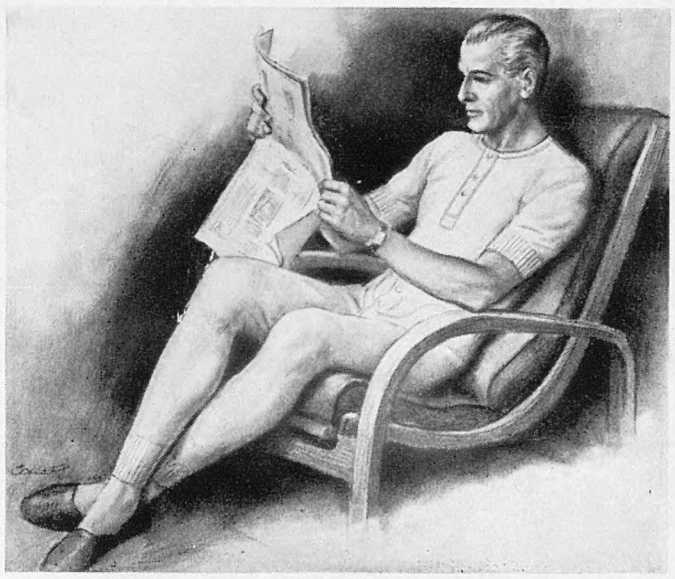

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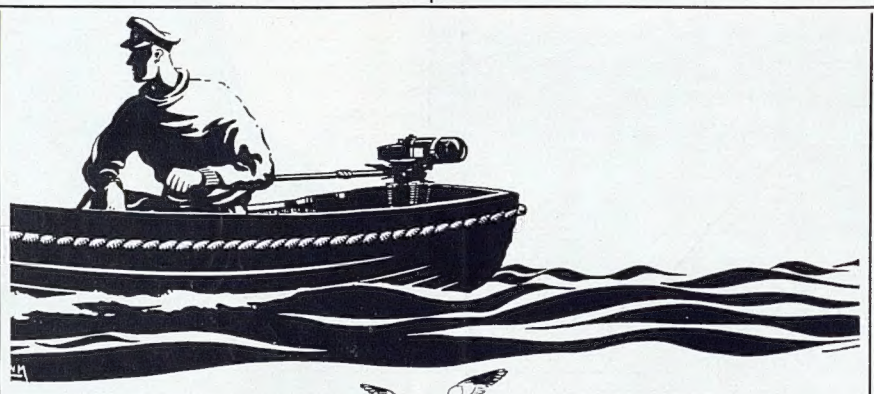

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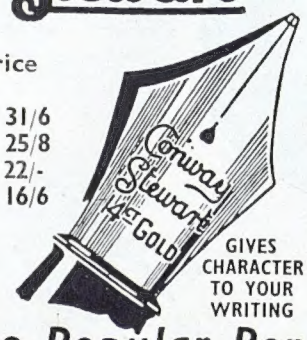

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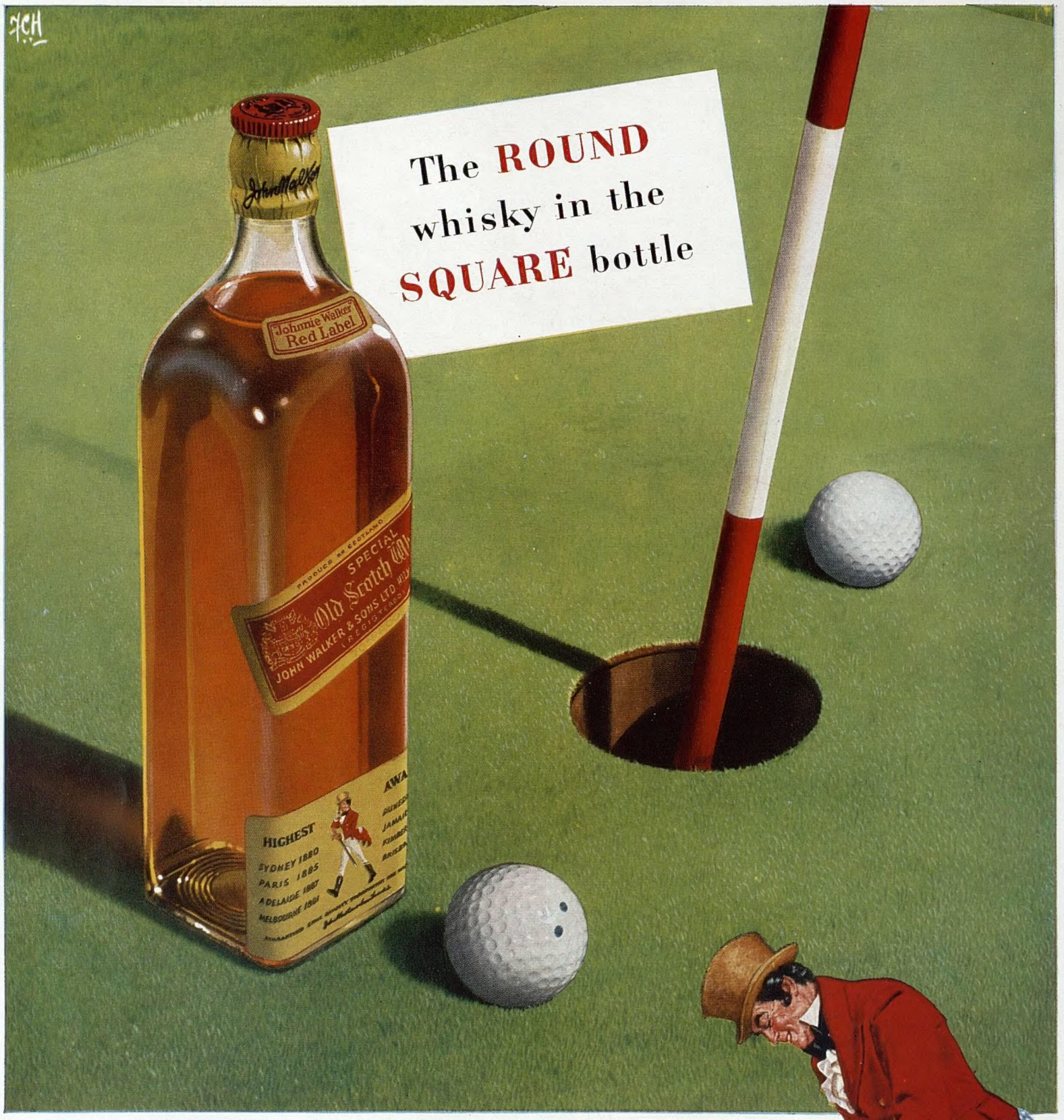

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